

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

AUGUST, 1927

Correspondence

The Naval Conference

The Navy League,
13 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

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The scheme presented by the representatives of the British Empire at the Naval Limitation Conference at Geneva was, in the main, well conceived; it was certainly a genuine and honest effort towards such reasonable limitations of naval forces as would provide for our needs and safeguard our Imperial position. If it had been agreed to by the United States and Japan, the saving on our naval estimates would have amounted to about £42,000,000 in ten years.

The naval needs of our Empire are primarily the safeguarding of shipping and cargoes passing along those highways of the sea called trade routes, the protection and proper functioning of seaborne supplies being vital to the very life of our people. Such protection can only be assured if we have a Battle Fleet second to none, and, in addition, a large number of cruisers and smaller vessels specially adapted to this particular duty.

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namely, 10,000 tons with 8 in. guns, which was made the standard at Washington, is greater than we need for the vessels whose duties are principally commerce protection. The result of the fixing of a maximum tonnage for cruisers at Washington has been that a number of nations have laid down these large cruisers, which are to be built up to that full size just because that was the agreed maximum. The tonnage of these cruisers is 10,000 tons empty of fuel and feed-water, and their size, if measured according to the "displacement tonnage" which had been previously used, is rather over 13,000 tons.

Such large cruisers are useful in small numbers for work with the Battle Fleet, but many naval officers consider them unnecessarily large even for this duty. Moreover, they are expensive vessels, whose functions are essentially offensive, and their possession in large numbers by any nation would be a potential menace to seaborne trade.

Our representatives at Geneva have been willing and anxious to limit the number of these powerful cruisers in the same ratios as were agreed to at Washington, and such a reasonable suggestion ought certainly to be agreed to by the United States and Japan.

The aim of the United States delegates is apparently to obtain our agreement to a lump tonnage for all cruisers without at the same time restricting the numbers of these 10,000-ton cruisers. If we were to accede to this, we should find ourselves in a difficult position, as we

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

should have either to build as many large cruisers as is decided upon by the United States, while at the same time reducing the number of small cruisers much below the figure really needed by us; or else, by adhering to our intention of building a number of smaller cruisers to put ourselves in the position of accepting not parity, but definite inferiority in naval power.

There is no reasonable excuse for a preponderance of cruisers on the part of the United States. They know well they have nothing to fear from us, and that our naval requirements are in reality far greater than theirs can be. Why, then, do their representatives continue to press for agreements calculated to this end? It is not possible to answer this question fully without going into matters beyond the scope of this article; but that internal politics and the influence of anti-British agencies have a good deal to do with it is evident.

Our attitude should be to continue to insist on our minimum requirements, at the same time stating the reasons for them; and to be careful not to make any agreement which will stop our building up to such a minimum. At Geneva our representatives have done their best to present our case in the most open manner, and have been quite frank as to our reasons. If the United States representatives refuse to see our point on the subject of cruisers, then it is not our fault and cannot be helped.

If it should ever come to pass that the British Empire, wrongly influenced by pacifist societies, were to agree not to build a sufficiency of cruisers and smaller vessels to safeguard our supplies of food and raw materials, then the danger of our position would become apparent to other nations, any one of whom, if tempted to assume an aggressive attitude, might exercise most undue pressure against us by threatening our shipping on the high seas.

With the threat of the starvation of our people staring them in the face, and without adequate naval forces to avert such a terrible catastrophe, our Government would be unable to withstand such pressure. As history has shown, such a situation would soon create the aggressor at whose mercy we should be.

It is not the desire or intention of Great Britain to enter into competition with any nation in naval armaments, and least of all with the United States; but at the same time we will not allow our sea power to be reduced unreasonably. Years ago we used to adhere to a naval policy which was calculated to render us supreme, especially in those years when we were determined to build up to the combined strength of the two next naval powers. The world has changed since then, not altogether to our advantage; the definite menace of the German Fleet is no more; so we certainly do not need so many powerful naval vessels; but we do need a very large number of smaller ships. As in every decade the proportion of home-grown food to the total consumption in these islands becomes less, so at each such period is an attack upon

overseas supplies more and more dangerous to us, and consequently our naval needs for pure defence continually increase in importance.

The security for those who pass upon the seas upon their lawful occasions can only be that of an adequate Navy. Pacts, treaties, and agreements are insufficient in their scope and unreliable in time of trouble; and the British Empire has too much at stake to be wholly dependent upon their due execution. Our sure shield—the Navy—is more reliable than any of them, and as long as we preserve it in adequate force we need not fear.

The policy of our Government and people is based upon the maintenance of peace, and the British Navy is the most powerful and effective agent in the carrying out of that policy.

H. M. DENNY, General Secretary.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

AUGUST, 1927

House of Lords Reform (I)

IT has been said of the British Empire that it was created in a fit of absence of mind. There is a grave danger that its dissolution may some day more justly be attributed to intellectual torpor and moral cowardice. For upon a vital constitutional issue, the reconstruction and reinforcement of the House of Lords as the sole effective safeguard of liberty and property against the depredations of Socialism, a section of the Conservative Party has declared itself in favour of "leaving well alone" rather than risk the displeasure of Liberal, Labour, and Communist opponents. By some weaklings even in the Conservative ranks the danger of provocation was similarly deprecated in respect of the Trade Unions Bill and the break with Russia. The fact that neither has precipitated revolution, but that, on the contrary, both promise to strengthen the electoral prospects of the party, has not encouraged the faint-hearts. Their attitude is variously inspired either by intellectual laziness in grappling with a difficult problem, fear of hostile criticism in the constituencies, or sentiments which properly belong to one or other of the opposition parties. In 1911, the reform of the Upper House "brooked no delay."* In 1925 it was a "debt of honour."* It is now the most immediately imperative duty of the Conservative Party.

The opposition has avowed its intention to achieve virtual, if not actual, single-chamber government in order to give unrestrained and immediate effect to any crazy or predatory legislation which its autocrats choose to misrepresent as the will of the people. As M. Poincaré, writing on electoral reform in France, said in this REVIEW last year: "There is not a moment to be lost. I do not say that the house is already burning, but the chimney is on fire, and we must hasten to put it out."

If the question of the House of Lords is not settled within the life of the present Parliament, it is unlikely that it ever will be settled in accordance with Conservative principles and the needs of the nation. If the Government, as the result of two years' examination of the problem, having put forward a plan admittedly tentative

* Mr. Asquith. Lord Oxford.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

in detail, were to run away at the first sign of revolt by a section of their followers and leave the only constitutional safeguard at the mercy of its enemies, they would break their pledge and betray their trust. The two following articles by Lord Hunsdon and Professor Morgan deal specifically with the House of Lords. The third, by Professor Sarolea, is a clear exposition of the American Constitution, with special reference to its two powerful checks upon the follies of democracy, the Senate and the Supreme Court of Law. Everyone who would rather preserve the institutions and traditions of England than see her plunged into revolutionary experiments, even by the "constitutional" methods of the "moderate" Socialists, can do good service by bringing these articles to the notice of wavering friends. The duty of the Government in this matter is to give a strong lead and of all Conservatives to back it with loyal support. It should be made a question of confidence, and the minority of malcontents ejected from the Party.

If the Government should shirk this plain duty, the country will look to the House of Lords to exercise its prime function of preserving the constitution by itself initiating a Bill for its own reorganization. This measure would presumably be confined to the composition of the Upper House, and broadly follow the lines indicated both by Lord FitzAlan and Lord Cave already approved by that House. Of the making of hypothetical second chambers there is no end, but the mists of theoretical speculation will be cleared by positive action. The introduction of such a Bill in the Upper House would force the question of its powers and functions in relation to the Commons and compel the Government to define these by legislation, probably consolidated with the Lords' own measure.

The best second chamber that can be devised is likely to be illogical in form and imperfect in character. But not more so than the British Constitution and human nature. The majority of the Conservative Party know well that a strong Upper House is the only safeguard against even greater political perils than the violence which has disrupted other states. The opportunity of securing it, if lost now, may be lost for ever.

ERNEST REMNANT.

House of Lords Reform (II)

By the Right Hon. Lord Hunsdon

IN the Duke of Northumberland's admirable speech in the House of Lords on Second Chamber Reform he gave this excellent and much-needed advice: "If you want your cause to be successful, do not apologize for it and do not apologize for your existence." In this article I do not propose to apologize. As a comparatively new member of that assembly, I may have observed its characteristics more closely than some others, and therefore the result of my observations may be of interest.

The first thing that strikes one is that out of about 700 peers (after deducting minors and those serving the country abroad) the main work of the House is carried out by about 150: a great number, if not the majority, of whom are new creations; that is to say, their position as legislators is not due to the hereditary principle at all, but to some merit of their own; the expression "Hereditary Chamber" is thus to a great extent a misnomer as used in the discussion of Second Chamber Reform.

No doubt there may be instances of peerages granted in consideration of financial help to one of the great parties; but so far as I can guess the names of such people, I should say that they hardly ever attend the House. There are some also, like myself, whose slight services to the country have been overpaid by the grant of a peerage, but, speaking generally, the new creations are men of the highest distinction in every branch of the nation's activities. I make no attempt at an exhaustive catalogue of these peers, but I call to mind a Lord Chancellor, four ex-Lord Chancellors and many other Judges of great experience and ability, two ex-Prime Ministers and some ex-Ministers, two ex-Viceroy of India and some ex-Governors of Colonies, distinguished Generals and Admirals, Archbishops and Bishops, permanent officials of the Civil Service, and many "Captains of Industry." These are men who have made their mark, and deserved to make their mark, in every walk of life—a real aristocracy, if ever there was one. If government by the best is desired, the material for it is here.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Now let us turn to the hereditary peers, who sit in the House by right of their fathers or ancestors.

It is often argued that the hereditary principle is indefensible, and I heard it stated in the House of Lords the other day that it was regarded with distrust and dislike by the country—or words to that effect. I agree, of course, that the hereditary principle as applied to pedigree stock is not fully applicable to mankind, because greater care in the selection of mates is exercised in the former case than in the latter, but even so there is something in it, and in neither case are characteristics certainly reproduced. In the case of pedigree stock, progeny that is a sport and does not come true to type is drafted, as the Government propose to draft in large numbers those peers who, for various reasons, do not appear suitable occupants of the Second Chamber, or do not desire to perform that particular kind of public service. The result, therefore, should be that whether valuable characteristics have descended to the selected peers from their ancestors or not, these characteristics would probably be present, and this is really all that matters.

There is another point about hereditary peers which seems to have been missed in this discussion, and that is the environment in which they have been brought up. I do not like to refer to individuals, but in a matter of this importance I hope I may be forgiven if I take as an example the present leader of the House—Lord Salisbury. There is a man who, from whatever source his abilities may be derived, devotes them—one might almost say waking and sleeping—to the service of his country with absolutely nothing to gain except the respect of his fellow citizens. His seat in the House is due to his ancestors, but his knowledge and devotion are due to the fact that from his cradle upwards he has been imbued with the principles which should govern the conduct of public affairs and, of still more importance, with the great doctrine of service of which his father was so conspicuous an example. The present Lord Salisbury is a sample—I admit a good one—of many in their Lordships' House, and when I am told that the hereditary principle is regarded with dislike and distrust by the country I simply cannot believe that our people are so

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

wanting in good sense or good feeling as to distrust a system which produces such results.

A remarkable quality of the House of Lords is the range and the authority of its expert information. Whatever subject may come under discussion, whether it be the reform of that House, the Trades Disputes Bill, the Government of India, some trivial question like the Rooks and Rabbits Bill or the sale of plovers' eggs, there are always members of the House who have expert first-hand knowledge of the subject. It is to them that the House defers, and, in general, it is only they who ask leave to speak.

It is surely a grievous waste and a grave defect in the constitution that the influence and power of such an assembly have been so much diminished.

Democracy to the extent to which it is carried in this country is a modern and untried experiment, and, where there are more than two political parties, it is only by accident that it is even representative. But, indeed, in a country like ours, which is not only the centre of a great Empire, but one whose very existence is, and must always be, precarious, in that its life depends on its power to sell goods in return for food, the need for good government is overwhelming, and the question whether it is theoretically representative is of minor importance.

That the ultimate will of the people must prevail whether for good or evil is, I think, indisputable; but when one thinks of the psychology of crowds, and the absurdly unimportant matters which often turn a general election, it is essential that there should be some machinery for giving an opportunity for second thoughts.

In the House of Lords we possess that machinery, and I hope that the Government will have the courage to proceed with its reform on some such lines as they have indicated.

For if, after removing from that House everything which cumbers or weakens it, we do not give it complete power to ensure that the *considered* opinion of the people shall prevail, the historian will refer to this period as one of increasing faith in undiluted and unchecked democracy, and I fear that he will say with Tacitus, *Omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset*.

House of Lords Reform (III)

By J. H. Morgan, K.C.

(Professor of Constitutional Law in the University of London,
Reader in Constitutional Law to the Inns of Court)

THOSE who have followed the Commons debate recently on the subject of House of Lords Reform must surely have been struck by the curious disregard manifested by most of the speakers of the two older parties toward the intentions of a third party—in this case a true *tertius gaudens*—namely, the Labour Party. Yet the thing that really matters, transforming, as it does, the very nature of the constitutional issue itself since 1911, is the emergence of a revolutionary party, now and likely to remain second, if second at all, only to the Conservatives in strength. This agrees with the Liberal Party, or what is left of it, in desiring to leave the Parliament Act intact, and the House of Lords unreformed, but profoundly disagrees with it in the legitimacy of the uses to which that Act may be put. Of this development the Liberal Party appears to be almost hypnotically unconscious. Its outlook is quite prehistoric, and it is now busy rummaging in its political wardrobe for its old and mouldy stage costumes with a view to the presentation of its one stock piece, *The People against the Peers*. Thereby it is doing the Labour Party an immense uncovenanted service for which that party will, as always, be duly ungrateful. It is perfectly clear to anyone who has studied the printed output—I cannot call it literature—of the Labour Party, that its avowed and ultimate object is to use the Parliament Act to “abolish”—the idea and the word is Mr. Sidney Webb’s—the constitution, and to substitute for it what Mr. Webb has called, with much felicity, if some arrogance, “A Constitution for a Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain,” the present constitution being, in his opinion, “not made for the job” of socialization. And what is “most urgently needed,” according to this intellectual midwife of the party, is to adapt it to that unlovely end by using the Parliament Act to abolish the House of Lords altogether and to impose on this country, among many other revolutionary things, a single-chamber legislature.

This and other Labour utterances, almost equally authoritative, make all the talk in a certain section of the Conservative Press about waiting for a “settlement

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

by consent," not only otiose, but dangerous. They make the Liberal attitude of leaving things as they are not only futile, but mischievous. The Labour Party has no intention of leaving things as they are. A settlement by consent with the Liberals is desirable but improbable; a settlement by consent with the Labour Party is quite impossible. The Liberal Party is, as Bolingbroke said of another, waiting like the Jews for a Messiah who never comes, and hoping for an alliance with the Labour Party which will never come into being. As for the Labour Party, it lives, like all revolutionary parties, not by assuaging discontent, but by provoking it. In the old days, when we had two constitutional parties, a constitutional *modus vivendi* was always possible and sometimes achievable, but the emergence of a revolutionary party has changed all that.

A kind of gentle euthanasia seemed to settle like a soft and enveloping cloud over the Conservative benches during the debate on this question. Members appeared to be living in the atmosphere of the day before yesterday. Mr. Duff Cooper, for example, one of the rising hopes of his party, spoke of the dignity, impartiality, and authority of the Speaker as an argument against disturbing the existing arrangement whereby he is invested solely and exclusively with the tremendous power of "certifying" a Money Bill. Never for one moment did it appear to Mr. Cooper that a new party has come into existence which has no more intention of preserving the impartiality of the Speaker, once it commands a majority in the House and is in a position to elect him, than it intended, in the notorious "Campbell case" in 1924, to respect the independence of that historic guardian of the public interests, that *parens patriæ* whom the Labour Prime Minister, with curious felicity, if constitutional impropriety, called "*my Attorney-General*." Mr. Buchan spoke dreamily of the Parliament Act as a kind of harmless instrument, "mellowed" by time and rusting with disuse—in truly academic ignorance, apparently, of the fact that from 1914 till 1922 we were living, as the result of the war, in a kind of political moratorium, and that within the last five years an avowedly revolutionary party has emerged. Others there are, especially in the Conservative Press, who believe revolutionary legislation in this country to be impossible, for no better reason than

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

that, like the many people who in 1913 scouted the idea of a European war, they do not like to contemplate it and have never experienced it. Revolution by violent methods is, no doubt, "played out"; but the whole point is that the Labour Party has realized as much and is determined to concentrate on revolution by the use of the Parliament Act. It seems amazing that anyone should cherish such comfortable illusions as this school of Conservatives in view of the General Strike, an attempted *coup d'état* which, no doubt, these same gentlemen would have pronounced impossible if it had never actually occurred. It failed, it is true, but its failure has done the Labour Party little or no discredit with the electorate. Their overwhelming triumph at the Hammersmith by-election was a striking instance of that. To the prestige of a revolutionary party which lives by agitation, not by statesmanship, the collapse of such an effort as the General Strike does no harm whatsoever. Not one of the Labour leaders has definitely repudiated it. A repetition of it is, I agree, improbable, and will be made by the next Trades Union Bill, until repealed, impossible. But the General Strike was the weapon of the Labour Party in opposition, not in power. Its weapon in power will be the Parliament Act.

To Mr. Buchan's maiden speech we should have liked to tender the graceful felicitations usual on such occasions and then pass on to more important matters. But two things detain us: one the claim which he made to speak on behalf of his party, or rather a considerable portion of it; the other the very unusual and somewhat invidious advertisement which that speech has received at the hands of his friends and former colleagues in certain sections of the Press. We do not grudge Mr. Buchan any amount of advertisement. By it, as a "popular" novelist, he lives and has his being. But we can hardly admit that, suddenly and in the twinkling of a maiden speech, he has solved a grave constitutional problem which has exercised for the last five years the minds of almost every statesman we possess. One journal has pictured Mr. Buchan as having "slain" the whole question of Lords reform, and thereby put out of action the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Baldwin, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Sumner, and all the greatest intellects who are wrestling with this problem. It was, it is true, a comic journal, and it may

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

be that the caricaturist was having a sly dig at journals which are not comic. Another newspaper has already announced that Mr. Buchan's speech was such a portentous event that it sent up the sales of "Hansard" to "a record figure." One would have thought that the fact that the speeches of the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition, and Mr. Lloyd George on the most important constitutional issue of our time were reported in that particular issue of "Hansard" might have had something to do with it; but perhaps not. It would appear that these three distinguished statesmen, to say nothing of all the other members of the House, will now have to share with Mr. Thomas Hardy, most modest of men, the melancholy fate of being outclassed by Mr. Buchan as a "best seller." Mr. Buchan, combining the trades of publisher, news-agent, journalist, and author, has a wonderful *flair* for publicity. It was perhaps his misfortune, not his fault, that his election result got into the newspapers before the astonished, and somewhat indignant, dignitary who acts as returning officer for the Scottish Universities was able to proclaim it. He is a charming man whom it is impossible not to like, in spite of his own indiscretions or, perhaps, those of his friends. He was, I believe, a most gallant Deputy-Director of Propaganda during the war, and no one could have been better qualified for the task. It will not be the fault of Mr. Buchan or his friends if we have heard the last of his speech. That is why it demands a degree of attention a little out of proportion to its intrinsic merits. And I am, with some reluctance, compelled to share the view of the *Evening Standard*, which declared that, on resolving it into its component parts, they could find nothing in it. There were, as we should expect, some apt phrases; some very elementary propositions about constitutional law, chiefly remarkable for their complete ignorance of the revolution, as no less an authority than Anson himself termed it, in the Constitution itself effected by the Parliament Act; a quotation from Burke put to a use which is enough to make that statesman turn in his grave; and, finally, a dogmatic misappropriation of an idea of Lord Birkenhead's uttered in the Lords debate, a week earlier, that it was improbable that the people of this country would ever lend themselves to revolutionary legislation—a misappropriation because Lord Birkenhead, unlike his debtor, is prepared to take no chances on the strength of such an otiose speculation

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

and is really concerned to get something done. Mr. Buchan, however, soothed a House gravely troubled by the perplexities of the problem with the agreeable discovery that there was really no problem to trouble about at all. The opiate thus administered is not likely to leave any serious after-effects on the constitution of the House, which is fundamentally healthy and has a remarkable gift of forgetting maiden speeches.

Let us return to realities. During the last seven years a complete change has come over the character of the electorate, the methods by which it is wooed and won, and the ideas with which it is indoctrinated. I speak with some experience. In the year 1910 I fought two Parliamentary elections, against pretty heavy odds, under conditions which now seem prehistoric. There was the usual adoption of the candidate by the executive of a comparatively small association of middle-class people, "the russet-coated captains" of Liberalism as Mr. Birrell once called them. When, and not before, the writs were out, we put into the field the usual army of canvassers, who went from house to house. The election over, the canvassers were demobilized and everybody went to sleep again. That is still the normal method of electioneering with the two older parties. But the Labour Party has changed all that. I know of a certain densely populated constituency—and it is a typical case—in which, regularly every week, every single house in every street is visited by young recruiting officers of the Labour Party who hold out to the householders and lodgers (the latter, as we shall see, have acquired a new importance) the prospects of a golden age in which, with the return of the Labour Party to office, their children will be maintained by the State with what are called "family allowances," the hours of labour in all "monotonous" occupations will be reduced to six hours a day or "less," every workman is to have an annual holiday of indefinite duration paid for by his employer, and so on. How it is to be done we shall see in a moment. But the immediate effect is tremendous—whole streets of householders are converted, like Charlemagne's converts, in platoons. And as with religious revivals, every convert is invited to bring a new soul to the penitent form. For the Labour Party has introduced into our politics the remarkable and, indeed, admirable phenomenon of a party of which every member is not merely a voter but a canvasser.

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

This is particularly true of the younger generation. The Labour Party was quick to realize that the Franchise Act of 1918 enfranchised youth. It did not, indeed, change the qualifying age, which was always twenty-one, but, by substituting mere "residence" for the lodger qualification with its £10 restriction, it enfranchised millions of young men of the working classes who were formerly without a vote. And this immature element in the electorate, prone like all youth to see visions and to dream dreams, it has almost completely captured with its apocalyptic visions and its intensive propaganda. And the golden shower, how is it to be found? Let us listen to the voice of the periodical which is peculiarly associated with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and which he honoured with his notorious attack on the judiciary last year—the *Socialist Review*. Therein, a Labour intellectual, Mr. Hugh Dalton, M.P., predicts what, with some *naïveté*, he calls the "great scramble" for "determination of priorities" among "all the funds" to be raised for the fulfilment of these lavish promises. Therein one of his colleagues has explained that "all the funds" are to be raised by "Money Bills"—forced through, of course, by the automatic machinery of the Parliament Act.*

From this point of view the Government's original proposals had one serious omission. The proposal to entrust the decision of what constitutes a Money Bill, within the meaning of the Parliament Act, to a joint committee of both Houses, with or without the Speaker, as Chairman, exercising a casting vote for the Commons, entirely loses sight of the fact—Lord Sumner was the only speaker who grasped it—that a revolutionary government might, with the aid of a good draftsman, easily devise confiscatory proposals in the form of a "Money Bill" which would successfully run the gauntlet of any such committee. Such a government might incorporate proposals to confiscate all incomes over £500 or £1,000 a year (the ideal figure varies with Labour protagonists, perhaps according to the amount of their own incomes) in a Money Bill, and a Money Bill the committee would have to certify it to be, unless the present statutory definition of a Money Bill is amended, which, to my mind, it should be. As for revolutionary bills which were not Money Bills at all, even within

* See *Socialist Review*, May 1927, pages 20, 28, 29.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

the definition of the Parliament Act, a purely partisan Speaker presiding over such a committee could "certify" anything he pleased with the assistance of a packed Commons "panel" on the committee. The Trade Union Council's manifesto at the last election made it perfectly clear that this is the sort of Speaker we may expect if the Labour Party is ever in a majority in the Commons; and Lord Birkenhead was surely caught napping when he conceded to Mr. Lloyd George that he would not object to the Speaker and the Commons being predominant in the proposed joint committee. The concession to Mr. Lloyd George matters little; the important thing is the exploitation of it, if it takes effect, by a Labour Government. The draftsmen of the new Irish Constitution, which is the only Dominion Constitution that has excluded its Upper House from all voice in Money Bills, have provided against a contingency of this kind by entrusting the decision of what constitutes a Money Bill to a joint committee of both Houses, but, in case of its disagreement, leaving the ultimate decision to a judge of the Supreme Court. Not an ideal solution, I admit, but at least valuable as a recognition that there was a problem to be solved. Lord Birkenhead's concession certainly does not solve it.

With legislation of this character, confiscatory, yet none the less financial within the existing definition of Money Bills contained in the Parliament Act, we have to reckon. How is this problem to be dealt with? There are only two solutions: one is to restore to the Upper House the power to reject, but not to amend, Money Bills; the other is to alter the definition of Money Bills in the Parliament Act. As to the former, we may yet have to come back to that, although it presupposes some kind of change, in the direction of an elective element, in the House of Lords. It would, of course, involve the adoption of the Australian rule which prevailed in this country down to 1861 of "one tax, one bill." It would also have to exclude any power of the Lords to reject Appropriation Bills, a power which, indeed, they have never claimed and never exercised for centuries. It is a notable fact that even the nominee Upper Houses in the Dominions and the colonies, which are surely not less "democratic" than the mother country, have a "conventional" power to

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

reject Money Bills, though they rarely exercise it; while in the case of the elective Upper Houses they have—for example, in Australia and South Africa—the power of rejection expressly conceded to them by the Constitution, and, in Australia, even the power of amendment by way of “suggestion.” Those of the Liberals, therefore, who scoff at the idea of restoring, in the face of the revolutionary legislation with which we are threatened by the Labour Party, the power of rejection of Money Bills to the House of Lords, might do well to take to heart the admonition of Burke and reflect that it is better to believe themselves wrong than the rest of the Empire mistaken. But assuming that the transformation of the House of Lords into an elective chamber is at present out of the question, I think that some amendment of the definition of Money Bills in the Parliament Act should be made and that that amendment should define “Taxation” Bills to exclude Bills whose real object is not financial, but industrial, “Socialistic,” or calculated to effect a forced transfer of property. Definition would, I admit, be difficult, but in both America and Australia such definitions have been judicially arrived at, and almost any definition would be better than the present tautological definition of a tax Bill as one which is concerned (I quote the Parliament Act) with “the imposition of taxation”—a definition which would cover Socialist exploitation of any kind.

■ The other proposal I would venture to make is that no Bill purporting to alter the terms of the Parliament Act itself should have the advantage of the automatic machinery of that Act without the intervention of a General Election. Without some such provision the machinery—and mechanical it is—of a Parliament Act could be used by a revolutionary Government within the lifetime of a single Parliament to destroy even such safeguards as are provided by the Parliament Act itself. A Bill to abolish the suspensory veto of the Lords in ordinary, as distinct from financial legislation, could, as things are, be forced through by the aid of the Parliament Act itself. From that it would be but a step by the same method to force through a Bill to abolish the Upper House altogether, leaving the country with a single-

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

chamber legislature. It seems to me that here the Government have lately got themselves into a very unenviable position. They began by proposing to make it impossible to amend the Parliament Act without the Lords' consent under any circumstances; they ended by proposing to leave it possible, as it is at present, to amend the Act without the Lords' consent under all circumstances. They jumped from one extreme to the other. They commenced by proposing too much; they ended by proposing too little. Surely they do not require a "mandate"—whatever that may mean—to pass a Bill requiring that a General Election should intervene before the automatic machinery of the Parliament Act is used to destroy the safeguards of the Act itself. If they do require such a mandate, they will find it in the preamble to that Act.

It has been argued by one or two Conservative newspapers who look with favour upon a policy of total inaction in this grave issue that "the will of the people"—whatever that metaphysical abstraction may mean—is bound to prevail. No one ever said it was not. The difficulty often is to ascertain it. I agree with Lord Birkenhead in thinking that no written Constitution can be an ultimate barrier to the *considered* will of the people. But none of the draftsmen of such Constitutions ever imagined it could be, or, what is equally important, designed it to be. All "rigid" Constitutions contain some provision for their amendment. What they do secure is a period for reflection. And there is nothing which this feverish age needs more. There is nothing which the Labour machine is inclined to concede less.

It seems to me that Lord Birkenhead showed less than his usual sense of realities in the Lords debate when he rather discountenanced the idea that the people of this country, being, or having been in the past, cautious by temperament, would ever tolerate the introduction of revolutionary measures on the part of the Labour Party. How are the people to prevent it, once the Labour Party is returned, as it may be under our three-party system, with a majority of members in the House, and a minority of votes in the electorate? There seems to be an idea, common to both the older parties, that the Labour Party is not to be taken quite seriously, and that its acts will never be as extreme as its words. This illusion has no other support than the fact that when in office *in a*

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

minority, it did nothing. It did nothing because it could do nothing, although it attempted some extremely significant things which have been too quickly forgotten. But it may yet be in office with an absolute majority, and the mere fact of the General Strike should surely long ago have dispelled this comfortable illusion. The party will stick at nothing to carry out the aim with which it is inoculating the working classes day by day. I don't know whether Lord Birkenhead spoke as he did in order to find support for his proposal that that party should be represented in the House of Lords by a nominee element for which they have not asked, which they do not want, and which they would never accept. Lord Birkenhead surely cannot overlook the appearance, for the first time in our public life, of political methods which deliberately aim, and with considerable success, at paralysing the exercise of the right of private judgment by the electorate. I do not refer merely to intimidation of workmen in the workshop, to the *sabotage* of public meetings at elections, or to the calculated defamation of political opponents. What I have in mind is the steady growth of extra-parliamentary and extra-constitutional organizations designed to place the control even of a Labour Government itself in the custody of trade union officials whose stipendiary interest it is not only to maintain revolutionary sentiment, but to foster it. At the last General Election, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's electoral manifesto was countersigned by two of the lords of the trade union treasury advocating "Constitutional rebellion," a euphemism for revolution by the exploitation of the infinite possibilities for mischief of the Parliament Act. Every week, during his brief tenure of office, Mr. MacDonald had to render an account of his stewardship, as Prime Minister, to the extremists. The result is that the leaders of the Labour Party in the House do not lead at all—it is the explanation of Mr. MacDonald's writhing and contradictory utterances on Russia, on China, on the General Strike, and on everything else. It is also the explanation of their violent language outside the House and their comparatively moderate language within it. They do not lead because they cannot. They are whirled round in the driving-bands of their own machine—flies on a vast wheel. What Mr. Citrine thinks today,

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Mr. MacDonald will have to say, without thinking, tomorrow. There is going on a vast mechanicalization of the industrial electorate, and the source of it is apparent enough to those (but they are few) who study the cases to be found in our law reports of applications for injunctions by oppressed minorities in the trade unions, but to be found nowhere else, as the annual reports of the registrar are almost silent on the *vie intérieure* of these powerful bodies. The almost complete abolition of strike ballots, the manipulation of amalgamation and "political levy" ballots by the issue of voting cards which will identify the voter, or the "faking" by a district agent of voting cards which are never issued at all, the squandering of nine-tenths of a union's funds on the official oligarchy and all its works instead of on benefits for the men, the appropriation of general funds to political purposes—all these illegitimate activities, which the new Trade Union Bill touches little or not at all except on the fortuitous occasion of a "General Strike," are moulding the Labour Party to the true pattern of all revolutionary parties, a vast machine controlled by a handful of irresponsible dictators. And one non-political organization after another is being captured and distorted to political ends—the co-operative societies, the elementary school teachers, and, in Wales at least, the secondary school teachers, who are promised manna as from heaven in the shape of an unlimited expenditure on "education." Long ago the Labour dictators discovered great possibilities in the existing religious societies, and all kinds of "brotherhoods" and "fellowships" are being drawn within the baneful orbit of what one of its intellectuals called, with a true Labour instinct for the discipline of the individual, the "General Staff" of the Labour movement. All these are being subjugated to a habit of surrendering their private judgment to the official hierarchy. The possibilities of this sort of thing are unlimited. There is sound legal authority for saying that, as an unforeseen result of one of the trade union statutes, unions may, in apostolic language, be members one of another. True enough, this multitude of individuals are free, to adapt the language of Rousseau, once every five years, and the ballot at a General Election is still secret, though whether the workers are still confident that this is so I am by no means sure. But even so I doubt whether a multitude

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

so habituated by an iron discipline to surrender their wills will have the mental elasticity to recover the free exercise of them at a General Election. One wonders whether, with its extraordinary *flair* for capturing all strategic points, the Labour Party, when the time comes, will attempt to "get at" the polling clerks. The appointment of the sheriffs presents interesting possibilities. The mayoral returning officers in the Parliamentary boroughs might be useful, once the Labour Party captured—as they are capturing—the borough councils. There would then be, I will not go so far as to say as little secrecy about a Parliamentary ballot as about a trade union ballot, but, what is almost as important, as little belief, among the working classes, in its secrecy. If the reader thinks I exaggerate, let him recall the extraordinary method by which a Labour journal got hold of a confidential document of Mr. Baldwin's and published it before it was delivered to its official destination. One of the minor Labour leaders afterwards boasted that the party had its own "secret service," which can only have meant agents of its own among the Government printers. Be that as it may, one thing is certain, and that is that with a single-chamber legislature, such as the Labour Party have in mind, the tenure of every judge of the High Court will be precariously dependent on a temporary majority in the House of Commons. It seems amazing that the Liberal Party as a whole, and even the Conservative Party in part, are so ignorant of Labour doctrines and activities up and down the country. Let them meditate on this remarkable sentence which I take from the T.U.C. manifesto (September 2, 1924) at the last election. Their object, proclaimed their president :

is to capture every legislative and administrative position, leaving what we do not want and have no use for to the other parties.

It has all been carefully thought out. The Labour Party did not go *en masse* to school to Moscow five years ago for nothing. They will, it is true, never dream of shedding blood. Bloody methods, as Mr. Sidney Webb carefully pointed out in his new Constitutional Decalogue, are quite unnecessary. What point, indeed, would there be in setting up a guillotine in Trafalgar Square when there is a far more expeditious guillotine ready to the hands of a Labour majority in the House at Westminster ? Its name is the Parliament Act.

Constitutional Checks on Democracy in America

By Professor Charles Sarolca *

To the student of contemporary politics there is no study which surpasses in importance that of popular government in the United States.

It has a supreme theoretical interest. For the American Constitution is a masterpiece of political wisdom. The American experiment in democratic government has succeeded, where most similar European experiments have signally failed. And the success is all the more instructive because the American experiment was made under the most unfavourable circumstances and with apparently the most unpromising human material, the flotsam and jetsam of twenty races.

Nor has the study of American institutions a less urgent practical importance. We cannot afford to ignore the United States. For the economic hegemony of the world has passed from the old continent to the new. If America needs Europe, Europe needs America a great deal more, and our ignorance of American conditions has already been attended with disastrous results. There is the tragic demonstration of the Peace of Versailles. After the Armistice, President Wilson was hailed as the arbiter of civilization. When reference was made to M. Clemenceau of his disagreements with Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, the Tiger is said to have made the retort: "What can you expect, when you have to negotiate with two colleagues, one of whom thinks he is a Napoleon, whilst the other believes he is Christ?" President Wilson was sincerely convinced that his mission was to bring peace and goodwill to all men. Alas! events soon proved that he had come to bring, not peace, but a sword. He proclaimed himself the spokesman of the American people. Then it was discovered that the American people disowned him. It was discovered that the American Senate, which under the American Constitution shares with the President the treaty-making power, solemnly repudiated his

* The substance of this article was delivered as a public lecture to the students of the University of Cairo in January, 1927.

CHECKS ON DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA

policy. And only a few weeks after the plenipotentiaries had affixed their signatures under the Peace Instrument, the lamentable and grotesque spectacle was witnessed of the American Government refusing to join the League of Nations, which was the special creation of their Chief Executive. How many appalling blunders would have been avoided, how many fond illusions would have been dispelled, if the European plenipotentiaries at Versailles had made themselves familiar with the first elements of the American Constitution.

That Constitution is characterized by two entirely original features which distinguish it from any other government known to history. In the first place it introduced a novel type of democracy bearing little analogy to those of the Old World. In the second, it established on an equally gigantic scale a new mechanism of federal government, so ingenious and so perfect that it might almost be said to have introduced a new dimension in political geometry.

European historians have taken for granted these two wonderful political achievements of the American people, even as they have the political achievements of the British people. With regard to Great Britain, we are told that the English people have an innate love of liberty and were therefore predestined to create the parliamentary system; that, moreover, a hardy race of sailors and traders were pre-ordained, like the Norsemen of old, to conquer the ocean. With regard to the United States, we are told that a people of emigrants, who left their mother countries to escape from poverty and oppression, were bound to establish an extreme form of popular government, and that, on the other hand, millions of emigrants belonging to such a variety of races were bound both to split up into autonomous communities and to combine into some form of federal government.

Historians who adopt these views share the delusion which is common to all fatalists. They assume that whatever happens must have happened exactly as it did happen. They tell us that, certain causes being given, certain results necessarily follow. They forget that amongst the causes of political events the human will is probably the most important. They forget that

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

throughout history this human will has been constantly deflecting the natural course of events, and that according as it is directed by wisdom or misdirected by folly it is bound to produce happy or disastrous results.

The history of the American Constitution is a memorable illustration of the interposition of the human will and of human wisdom and of what it is capable of achieving even in the sphere of politics. According to all human probability and all the precedents of history, the American experiment ought certainly to have failed. The popular form of government ought to have ended in anarchy. The loose federation of Atlantic States ought to have ended in disruption. The fact that the experiment did not fail, that the loose federation has been firmly knit together, and that the democracy has been protected against itself is a wonderful political achievement which cannot be merely taken for granted, which has to be scientifically explained, so that the lesson it offers may profit other nations which were not equally successful and which are still striving in vain to establish popular government.

The lessons of the American experiment are all the more instructive because the experiment has been conducted in the full daylight of contemporary history. The distant source of other popular governments is like the source of the Nile; it is hidden from our view. On the contrary, the evolution of American government can be traced year by year from its humble but visible beginnings down to the present day.

There are two widely prevalent misconceptions about the American Government, one about the meaning of the federal system, another about the character of the American democracy. In the first place we generally look on the American Commonwealth as a unified or centralized government like France or Italy. In fact, it is not one State, but a league and confederation of States. It may be compared to a planetary system revolving round one centre. And each State is not merely an administrative unit like the French department, or the English county. It is a separate individual entity. It has its own legislature, its own executive, its own laws and law courts. The autonomy of the forty-eight States

CHECKS ON DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA

composing the Confederation is strikingly expressed in the composition of the Senate and its prerogatives under the Constitution. The American Senate in one sense is the ideal exemplar of a Second Chamber, because it has discharged more efficiently than any other Senate known to history the essential function of all Second Chambers, which is to act as a check on hasty legislation, to resist the tyranny and caprice of the popular will. But in another sense the American Senate is entirely different from the ordinary type of Second Chamber like the French Senate or the British House of Lords. It is a Conference of Ambassadors, each State, whether large or small, sending two representatives, and it is the duty of those State Ambassadors to watch that the rights of the States they represent shall not be infringed.

On the other hand, we look on the Government of the United States as a pure democracy, unlimited and undiluted. This conception again is entirely wrong. So far is America from being an unlimited democracy that it is much more limited than either the British or the French democracies. In a strict sense, it is a misnomer to call it a democracy at all. The Government of the United States is essentially a mixed form of government, partly popular, partly aristocratic and even partly despotic. And it is probably to a large extent because it is a mixed government, like the government of the Papacy, that it has been so signally successful.

An illustrious French physiologist, Claude Bernard, defines the life of the animal body as the sum total of all the forces which resist the forces of destruction and death. Similarly we might define the life of the body politic as the sum total of all the forces which are opposed to the forces of dissolution. For it is an everlasting political truth that all governments are engaged in a perennial conflict between the forces of integration and disintegration. The Government of the United States is no exception to the universal rule. There is this difference only between the political history of the United States and that of France or Great Britain, that in the United States the forces of disintegration seemed to be much more formidable than the forces of consolidation. Especially in the early period of the American

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Federation it seemed as if the Commonwealth were always trembling on the verge of disruption. Each State, Virginia or Massachusetts, New Jersey or Rhode Island, claimed to be its own master. No State would surrender its sovereignty. The differences which separated each were stronger than the bonds which united them. There were differences of climate and economic interests, of size and population, of race and religion, of social conditions and political institutions.

The process of consolidation was very gradual and slow. From generation to generation we can see the once independent Colonies surrendering some of their rights to the federal government. On the other hand, we can see the many heterogeneous races merged and assimilated by the Anglo-Saxon stock. Steadily the central government encroaches on regional independence, and a new racial type, the modern American breed, emerges from the melting pot of English and Irish, Teuton and Slav, Jew and Latin.

But before that process of assimilation and unification was completed the American Union had to go through many a crisis, which again and again threatened the Commonwealth with disruption.

For the sake of clearness and brevity we may distinguish five such organic crises :

The first crisis followed the War of Independence. The war, which was fought with the assistance of France, and probably could not have been won without it, had brought victory and freedom, but it had not brought union. Once the sense of danger had passed away, each State resumed its independence and sovereignty. The immediate result was anarchy and bankruptcy. After many years of futile internecine conflict the Fathers of the Commonwealth, instructed by disaster, had to lay the foundations of a permanent union and to lay these foundations on solid rock. The outcome and the instrument of the Union are known to us as the "American Constitution."

The second crisis was the intermittent but ever recurrent struggle about the tariff. Our doctrinaire political economists, who believe that we have a monopoly of economic wisdom, often forget that the tariff

CHECKS ON DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA :

controversy has been a much more vital issue in American history than in our own. The Southern States of cotton planters wanted free trade. They were dependent on the cheap imports of manufactured goods which they did not produce. On the contrary, the Northern States wanted protection for their export industries. These States, being richer and more determined, won the economic battle and for the last hundred years the United States has been the great protectionist country.

Slavery was responsible for the third crisis. At the end of the sixteenth century, English adventurers opened an ever-increasing trade in slaves for the supply of cheap labour in the cotton plantations of the Southern American States. As the growth of cotton for the English markets became more lucrative, the Southern planters were eager to extend slavery to the newly-settled territories and States. The Northern States were willing to connive at the maintenance of slavery wherever it existed, but they were determined in opposing its extension to communities where it did not exist. As their demands were rejected, the Southern States claimed the right to secede from the Union. The Northern denied the right of secession. The controversy raged almost incessantly during the first sixty years of the nineteenth century. Compromise after compromise proved in vain, until the War of Secession and the victory of the Northern States consolidated the union, incidentally bringing about the final abolition of slavery. I say, incidentally, because the War of Secession was not primarily fought to suppress slavery. It was waged, as its very name implies, to fight separation and to save the Commonwealth from disintegration.

The fourth crisis was that of reconstruction, so-called, which in reality was a crisis of anarchy. The Northern States had won, the union was saved and slavery was abolished. But the winners abused their victory. Not content to give the slaves their freedom, they also gave them equal political rights. The outcome was the unnatural and monstrous rule of black over white, the inferior over the superior. A new social war followed the Civil War. Northern adventurers called carpet-baggers invaded the South and stirred up the liberated negroes who were intoxicated by the new wine of liberty

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

against their former masters. The white population replied by lynch-law and the reprisals of secret societies, of which the Ku-Klux-Klan is the most famous. Happily the rule of the carpetbaggers was of short duration. A reaction set in, the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, and through a happy coincidence the great wave of immigration, with the rapid expansion and settlement of the west, which began in the late sixties rapidly healed the wounds of the Civil War.

The fifty years which followed the War of Secession were a period of unexampled growth and prosperity, of steady assimilation and consolidation. When the World War came, the American people were therefore prepared to meet another great crisis which again threatened to shake the Union to its foundations. For nearly three years the Commonwealth was divided in two hostile sections: on the one hand were those who desired to make common cause with the Allies, on the other those—mainly Germans and Irish—who desired to remain neutral. The long and bitter struggle revealed that the many heterogeneous populations were far from being assimilated and that they continued to think and feel on national and racial lines. I had myself the privilege to conduct a campaign of propaganda in 1915, and almost everywhere I was confronted at my meetings by solid masses of German and Irish opponents. On one occasion in San Francisco three thousand of them attempted to break up what proved to be a very stormy gathering. In the end, however, American sentiment and patriotism triumphed and the World War, like the Mexican War and the Civil War, helped to consolidate the Union.

In that long and bitter struggle of which I have indicated the main phases, the forces which were working for consolidation were increasingly in the ascendant, and were welding the American people into one solid block.

First and most important of all, there was the inherited political instinct of the Anglo-Saxon, his practical genius and that sense of balance and compromise without which there can be no free government.

The second factor was the two-party system and the wonderful party machine and discipline which organized American political life on Continental, instead of local,

CHECKS ON DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA

lines. The two-party system has often been derided by unintelligent critics. It may be artificial and undemocratic, but in the United States it certainly made for stability and helped to strengthen the Union.

The third force making for consolidation is the periodical Presidential Election, that most characteristically American of all political manifestations, which once every four years unites the whole people on some big issue and which accustoms a mixed and heterogeneous population to think nationally and imperially and to merge their sectional and factional divergences.

The fourth factor in the process of unification is the controlling effect of a transcontinental network of railway and of the pan-American industrial trusts which make the United States into one vast economic system.

But by far the most powerful unifying force has been the American Constitution. It is felt with just pride by every citizen to be the supreme achievement of American political wisdom and the most precious American inheritance. It is the sacred symbol of American unity.

It is a remarkable fact that, whilst the Constitution may be looked upon as the expression of the national character, it yet bears pre-eminently the stamp of one individual genius. It is the creation of Alexander Hamilton, the greatest political brain of the New World, the statesman whom Talleyrand declared to be a greater man than Napoleon. And it is even a more remarkable and instructive fact that the Charter of the American Democracy should have been the work of an aristocrat, who was at heart a monarchist.

The American Constitution can only be rightly understood in the light of the circumstances of the age and the passionate controversies of which the masterpiece of Hamilton, "The Federalist," is the immortal and classic record. The foremost need was to satisfy the refractory colonies and give stability to a distracted government. The American Constitution therefore was primarily an attempt to reconcile the conflicting claims of State rights and federal rights, but it was even more deliberately an attempt to reconcile the conflicting claims of authority and freedom.

In order to achieve these two objects, the Constitution

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

provides an elaborate system of safeguards and checks, which almost reminds one of the complicated constitutional clockwork of the Abbé Sieyès. It protects the Commonwealth against the separatism of the individual States, even as it protects the States themselves against the encroachment of the Commonwealth. On the other hand, it protects the Government against the anarchy which is inherent in all democracies, even as it protects the people against the arbitrary will of the Executive.

If we keep in mind those two precise objects of the American Constitution, we shall better understand what are its original features and also why the United States is by no means the pure democracy it is supposed to be, but, on the contrary, as I explained at the outset, much more limited and restrained than the popular government of France or Britain. It is not democracy which explains the miraculous survival of the American Commonwealth, but rather the limitations and restraints imposed on it.

The first feature of the Constitution is the protection of State rights and the thorough-going decentralization of political life. Each State remains a political entity, a political microcosm within the Commonwealth, retaining its own parliament, laws, and institutions, and its own burning local patriotism. This decentralization is in striking contrast with the centralization of the French Republic, the Prussian or Russian monarchy. Incidentally it is the best safeguard against that tyranny of majorities which is the besetting sin of modern democracies. The little State of Nevada with its 90,000 inhabitants sends its two representatives to the Senate like the State of New York with its eleven million inhabitants. And the whole foreign policy of the Republic may depend on the votes of these two humble Nevadians.

The second feature of the Constitution is the protection of individual liberty through an ingenious mechanism of weights and counterweights, a delicate balance of the various political forces. This is an application of the famous principle developed by Montesquieu of the division of the Executive, Legislative and Judiciary powers, in which the great French thinker saw an essential condition of freedom.

CHECKS ON DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA

The third feature is the strengthening and buttressing of the Executive. This is so characteristic that the American Republic is sometimes called "presidential," as opposed to "congressional," government. The President has the right of Veto. He controls the foreign policy and appoints the foreign ambassadors in consultation with the Senate. He appeals directly to the people through his messages. Above all, he appoints his own Cabinet which is taken outside Parliament. He is the head of the Administration. Unlike the French President who is a mere figurehead, the American President is more powerful than any constitutional monarch.

The fourth feature is the pre-eminent position of the Senate. That position has been steadily improving in prestige and effective power, whereas in Great Britain the position of the Upper Chamber has been continuously undermined. The ancient Roman State was officially described as "Senatus Populusque Romanus." The "Senatus" came first. So it does in the United States. It is not too much to say that today the Senate even more than the President controls the foreign policy of the country. This prestige of the American Senate, a small and an aristocratic assembly of ninety-six members representing the individual States, and not the mere power of numbers, is one of the many anomalies of the American Constitution, and it is the most instructive of all. Those Conservative and Liberal reformers who in Great Britain are perplexed about the function of a Second Chamber and its necessary and minimum powers and prerogatives will find an illuminating object-lesson in the American Senate.

The fifth feature is the subordinate power of the House of Representatives as compared with the French Chamber of Deputies or British House of Commons. And even that diminished power of the House is largely appropriated by the Speaker and the committees, who practically deprive the "private member" of any influence in the policy of the nation. The American House has practically no say in matters of foreign policy. Its activities are mainly financial and limited to domestic legislation. And that sphere, small though it be, is still further restricted because most of the democratic

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

legislation comes under the jurisdiction of the State Parliaments.

The last and not the least original feature is the establishment of a Supreme Court. It represents the Might and Majesty of the Law. It is the guardian of the people's liberties, the champion and protector both of State and individual rights. Any State and any citizen can appeal to the Supreme Court and has the right to try to prove that a particular law is unconstitutional. Thus, only a few years ago the Supreme Court decided that the American Government had no right to impose an income tax. In order to secure that right a special amendment to the Constitution had to be introduced.

It ought to be added that the enormous power of the Supreme Court has never been abused, and that its prestige remains undiminished. In all its long history there has never been a whisper against its integrity, in a country where local politics are notoriously corrupt.

To sum up my arguments and conclusions, I have tried to explain how, alone of all modern republics, the American Republic has weathered every storm and succeeded in spite of a hundred reasons why it also should have failed. My explanation is that, whilst the American Commonwealth is in outward appearance a popular government, it is not a pure democracy, but one based on a series of political compromises. It has realized, better than any other popular administration, that the chief merit of any government is to be strong and stable. It has emphatically repudiated the false conclusion of Rousseau that the people are always infallible, and can do no wrong. On the contrary, it has assumed that the people are eminently fallible, that indeed, because they are fallible, they must be deliberately protected against their own errors and impulses. The American Constitution is ever reminding the citizen that he has duties as well as rights. Above all, it proclaims that there is something greater than the caprice of majorities and the passions of parties—and that is the liberty of the subject, the interest of the common weal, and the majesty of the law. Under the American Constitution in the last resort, it is the law and not the will of the people, which is the sovereign power.

The Debts Problem and Its International Aspect

By Bernard Desouches

DURING the last few years, the problem of the war debts has been studied by statesmen of all interested nations, by authorities of the banking, commercial and industrial world, and many political writers of repute, both in the United States and in Europe, so that discussion would seem to have been exhaustive. It is nevertheless evident, on examining the problem in its distant repercussions and as it appears to the world at large, in regard to general economy and the broad currents of international exchanges, that it has scarcely been touched on.

At the present time, indeed, the question is entering upon an entirely new phase: *that of an economic conflict between one continent and another*. And from a political point of view incalculable consequences are to be feared.

When the members of Columbia's Faculty of Political Science wrote at the conclusion of their report, "The coalition of Europe against the United States might prove to be a good thing for Europe. Can anyone believe that it would be a good thing for the United States?" the eminent professors evinced an apprehension which is not founded on gratuitous hypotheses alone. They suspected a danger of whose imminence and gravity they were nevertheless unaware, *but which exists*, and of which both the American Government authorities and public opinion are still entirely unconscious. As a matter of fact, that danger is not attributable, as is generally believed, to a certain mental tendency and sort of *moral mobilization* of Europe as a whole against the United States. It is rather owing (which is a far more serious matter), to a state of affairs which the most powerful leaders of European economy have examined, and of which, by means of carefully conceived plans, they are now endeavouring to take advantage. Although the policy, towards which the entire economic structure of Europe is now more and more inclined, in the hands of its controllers is already beginning to be put into operation and has been the subject of conferences, negotiations, exchanges of views between one country and another,

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

and even between different governments, *an initiated circle alone* knows, up to now, its motive elements, the formidable forces that it sets working and the gigantic purposes which it contemplates. The secrecy in which it is more or less involved, the precautions observed in its preparation and development, explain why it has so far remained unknown to the general public.

In order to understand this policy it is necessary to cast a rapid glance at the present state of the world, which may be briefly expressed as follows :

The greater part of the gold in circulation throughout the world is now held by the United States, which, moreover, have enjoyed a prodigious commercial and industrial development since the war. New York has become a business centre whose supremacy is evident. While the nations of Europe were fiercely fighting each other and concentrating their entire energy on the struggle, the economic acuteness of the United States was able to exert itself in Latin America, Japan and China, throughout the Far East, and thus capture very important markets. When the war was over the state of exhaustion in which the belligerent countries found themselves compelled them to resort to American aid; the United States thus secured a position of constantly increasing importance on European markets, as well as in the East, Turkey, Persia, etc. Possessing the greater part of raw materials, tremendous industrial and commercial power and practically unlimited financial resources, they acquired a preponderant influence in the world with a vigour and on a scale that could not be foreseen before the war. Indeed, in 1914—and European business circles were not unaware of the fact—many of the big industrial concerns in the territory of the Union found themselves in an extremely precarious position. The "preference share" of the Mercantile Marine was worth only 4 dollars. Bethlehem Steel was quoted at between 25 and 30 dollars. The Submarine Boat Company was on the verge of bankruptcy. The Dupont Powder, Steel Corporation, Westinghouse Electric, Gulf Steel, and many other companies, were in no better position. In 1916, Bethlehem Steel, however, was quoted at 700 dollars, Mercantile Marine at 125, while Submarine Boat had jumped from 0 to 80, and so on. Since then

INTERNATIONAL DEBTS PROBLEM

American economic activity has enjoyed a practically uninterrupted upward movement.

If this brilliant state of things is to last, however, one must presuppose the existence of a certain number of favourable conditions. The industrialization of the country today exceeds the capacity of absorption by the American market. On account of their very strength, the United States have become tributary to foreign countries; in other words, they are obliged to seek, maintain and develop new markets in order to dispose of their over-production. American industry is now organized on such a footing that it could not possibly be reduced without entailing a great economic crisis. On the other hand, American capital is so abundant, according to the highest authorities on Wall Street, that no use can be found for it by the Americans in their own country, and the tendency must therefore be to invest it abroad. In an astonishingly short space of time, America, once a debtor country, has become a lender to the whole world and the biggest banker on earth. And in this connection also, the war has proved a determining factor. The necessity of finding adequate interest on money that has become too abundant consequently stimulates the public to seek lucrative investments abroad.

Their wonderful prosperity therefore now compels the United States to increase their influence outside the country, constantly to seek new outlets and effect investments of capital in other countries. This enterprise, moreover, seems easy if one considers the natural weakening of a subdivided Europe and the valuable property destroyed practically everywhere in the rest of the world, but it nevertheless runs the risk of encountering some obstacle, ending in total failure, and even jeopardizing or ruining positions actually secured.

Europe, indeed, did not witness without uneasiness, nor even without alarm, the American expansion, the development of competition threatening to a dangerous extent even national products in their own country. But how could it be met? In some way or another all nations had become the debtors of the United States, whether they had borrowed before or after the war, or had to provide interest on capital invested in their respective countries. The multiple consequences of a

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

four years' struggle, which were far from having produced all their effects, still further aggravated this state of things every day. With new States, regions devastated by the fighting, countries contending with anarchy or revolution, disorganized systems of transportation, repudiated international conventions, exhausted treasuries, currencies in a poor way, lost markets, destroyed working-capital, decimated populations, and diminished purchasing-power, Europe had everything to reorganize, rebuild, and restore. Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Poland were in the throes of inflation. Russia was sinking in the convulsions of Bolshevism. England, to uphold her currency, was sacrificing her industry and trade, seeing markets lost, and going through serious labour and colonial difficulties. France, Italy, and Belgium, on their part, were experiencing grave political, economic, and financial troubles which they could not contrive to overcome, and which countries as different as Roumania, Denmark, Greece, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Jugo-Slavia, and others, had the misfortune to suffer in their turn. To solve problems becoming constantly more vast and complicated, these nations could only apply means which became ever less effective, and were still further limited by their disagreement or isolation. America alone, or nearly so, escaped these difficulties and kept her resources intact. Hence it was to America, to her credit and capacity for production that foreign Governments and private persons turned more and more, through necessity, lassitude, and also, he it said, through carelessness, indolence in reforming themselves, and a liking for a minimum of effort.

This state of things, however profitable it was to the United States at that particular time, nevertheless offered only precarious security. Consequently the United States, thereby combining their taste for order and social stability with the very comprehensible desire to consolidate their advantages, and benefit, to the greatest possible extent, by a return to general prosperity, showed themselves quite willing to promote any policy which, in that connection, would entail security, help to re-establish easy circumstances, pacify people's minds, and enable American capital to be utilized and to yield equitable returns. There was one thing which the

INTERNATIONAL DEBTS PROBLEM

United States did not foresee, i.e. that the relaxation and convalescence of Europe, the reconciliation of her enemies and *rapprochement* of the European Powers, might, and as a matter of fact were, going to work against them.

What neither political wisdom nor a proper understanding of her own interests had been able to make Europe do, the consciousness of her dependence upon, and her obligations to, America was destined to bring about. The debts question has, indeed, proved to be the factor that has played the determining part in the political and economic evolution of Europe.

When in 1921 or 1922, a few voices in the councils of the Governments or in the Press uttered the first cries of alarm to call attention to the danger which, according to them, was created by the policy of raising constant loans in America; to the menace to European trade and industry of America's economic expansion and investments on the principal markets of the world; to the right thus involved for Washington to interfere with the political affairs of the different countries—those voices were not listened to at the time, and their warnings aroused few echoes. That was because the dissensions were still too keen, and the recollection of the conflict too recent, whilst the realization of the peril, on the other hand, was not sufficiently definite. That notion, however, did not take long to penetrate into people's minds. On one hand, the industrial and commercial progress of the United States was developing. On the other, the progressive ruin of a great many European currencies raised still further the sovereignty of the dollar and the power of American high finance. Investments of capital, emanating from the other side of the Atlantic, were increasing in German, French, Italian, Belgian, and other enterprises. Finally, the great noise made about the negotiations concerning the debts, the debates on the different financial agreements, discussed or decided in Washington made the public wake up. The campaigns conducted by the Press and the Parliamentary debates first taught the masses their position as debtors, subsequently revealing to them the multiplicity of the debts and Powers indebted, as well as the weakness and inferiority of each of those Powers considered singly in comparison with the United States. Thus it was that the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

idea of the existence of some ratio of power between debtors and creditors was originated and, at length, determined the conception of solidarity among communities involved in debts.

An unfortunate initiative on the part of the American Government, which at the time it occurred proved to be a psychological error, with consequences more deep-rooted and serious than is generally thought, doubtless made a considerable contribution to this feeling. Washington demanded from the European Powers for some of her Customs officials certain diplomatic privileges with the right of checking and examining the books, registers, and accounts of establishments exporting goods to the United States. A categorical objection was made with one accord by the nations interested. But this step produced a *tremendous sensation* in all business centres and caused the most lively emotion in all trade unions, chambers of commerce, allied federations, and producers' syndicates. It was regarded as an endeavour to take part in foreign production and as an initial attempt to control, or even assume possession of, a domain of national sovereignty. At all events, this step had the effect of aggravating the feeling of distrust already becoming manifest, drawing in people from certain connections, reducing rivalries and bringing about initial inter-governmental support for policies thereafter recognized by the leading authorities of European economy as having a common character.

The principal leaders of the business world—the boldest and most clear-sighted, who at the same time had the most considerable means of action at command—quickly arrived at the conclusion, after investigating the situation, that it was necessary for Europe, if she wished to retain her export markets and position as a large producer, manufacturer, and retailer, to alter from top to bottom her entire economic structure. Reduced to depending on its own strength, no European power, with less men, money, resources and, frequently, territory than before, could possibly struggle any longer against American competition, either abroad or at home. Not only could it struggle no longer, but it was fated to lose its freedom of action. Overwhelmed by the burden of its debts, it found itself obliged to give *a constantly*

INTERNATIONAL DEBTS PROBLEM

increasing part of its work to pay interest on foreign money. With its saving-power detrimentally affected, it was no longer able to renew or increase its working plant and, within a more or less brief period would find itself compelled to part with ever-increasing portions of its national patrimony. Factories, enterprises, houses, lands, mines, and forests would come under foreign control. On the other hand, a combination of European forces might obviate such a disaster, victoriously reverse the situation and strictly limit the expansion of adverse forces. In its main lines the scheme contemplated was, by an understanding between producers throughout the whole of Europe, to pool their means and thus again make them formidable; to reduce general expenses by creating mutually organized buying and selling organizations; to reduce cost-prices and, thanks to rates of wages lower than those of their competitors, as also to first-rate technical men and manufacture, to organize the defence and pass to the offensive with the certainty of success.

It will presently be seen by whom, how, under what conditions and with the aid of what levers, such a programme was about to be carried out.

However, it is advisable first to say a few words regarding the manner in which the conception of this programme corresponds with quite a big *intellectual* movement that is agitating Europe more and more, and which, although it has not the conclusive and immediately effective strength of material factors, is, nevertheless, far from being negligible. It is in this connection that the campaigns of the British Press must be mentioned, particularly that of the Press of Lord Rothermere, the plan developed for years by Herr George Bernhardt in the *Vossische Zeitung* under the heading of "Continental Politics," the propaganda in the form of pamphlets and conferences organized in France by M. Octave Homberg, the suggestions of M. Dariac, President of the Sub-Commission for Debts in the French Chamber of Deputies, the innumerable articles and treatises published in the Italian, Belgian, French, or German Press, and often inspired by eminent financial magnates, such as, for instance, the Rothschild group. We have here significant symptoms of work which was

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

effected on popular feelings, but which, however, has only the value of local or, at most, national reactions.

The result is already different as regards the effort conducted by a certain number of writers, savants, economists, university and political publicists with the object of promoting a Pan-European movement, whose aim, explicitly or implicitly, is directed against the United States. Menaced in her traditions and supremacy, old Europe must defend herself and struggle for the maintenance of her pre-eminence against anything calculated to injure or weaken her, with the assistance of the best qualified Europeans of all nations. Such is the scheme to which the *Revue Européenne*, in particular, published in Vienna by Prince Charles Antoine de Rohan, is devoting itself. It is also the line of conduct which, last year, guided the Pan-European Congress likewise assembled at Vienna by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi. This congress represents an initial international manifestation whose influence the United States will doubtless have occasion to notice within a fairly short space of time. Under the permanent aspect of a "Pan-European Union," it has brought about the formation of national sections, which have been established with surprising rapidity in practically every European country—Austria, Germany, France, England, Italy, Belgium, Poland, etc. And these sections will act as centres of growing resistance against anything that may be regarded as being of American origin, or even merely subject to American influence. It will be seen that we have here an instrument which may eventually be called upon to play a great part.

Nevertheless, despite the importance that it assumes, this preparatory movement of moral and political defence has not yet gone beyond the embryonic stage. The great effort exerted has been of an *economic order*, and therein lies, for the moment, the real and principal danger for the United States. Such danger is attributable to a progressive combination, in the form of an opposing organization, of *all European industries*.

The beginning of this concentration may be said to date back to 1924, at the time of the formation of the Czechoslovakian steel cartel.

This Czechoslovakian cartel, constituted by the

INTERNATIONAL DEBTS PROBLEM

Austrian Rothschild group, the French Schneider group, and the German Mannesmann group, was very quickly joined by the Central European cartel comprising the Austrians, Hungarians, Roumanians, and Jugo-Slavs, and notably represented, in the case of Austria, by the German Thyssen group, in the case of Roumania by the British Vickers group and the Austrian Steeg group. From that moment it may be said that all the great metallurgical powers of Europe had joined forces. A central buying and selling office was established for taking import and export orders only. After a provisional agreement for one year Poland, in her turn, became a member of this combine, which, moreover, has made a restricted agreement with the producers of Upper Silesia. In September 1926 the great steel cartel, comprising Germany, France, Belgium, Luxemburg, and the Sarre, was finally constituted in its turn immediately after the formation of the European Rail Makers' Association (E.R.M.A.), thus representing *the most powerful producing concern that has yet been started*. As it stands, this co-ordination of the metallurgical industry represents a power of production of well over 30 million tons of steel yearly. *The absolute mastery of the world's markets is hereafter assured* for the products of the combine, which are manufactured by the latest processes in factories provided with the most modern equipment.

The prime movers of this campaign, however, do not mean to restrict their aims to the control of one of the principal branches of economic activity throughout the world. We are already in presence of a gradual amalgamation of the chemical industries, especially dyestuffs; in Germany, under the guidance of Herr von Simson, president of the chemical industries combine; in England, at the instigation of Sir Alfred Mond; in France, with the support of M. Desprêt; likewise in presence of formidable concentrations in the electro-technical industries in particular, thanks to the efforts of M. Deutsch; also of constantly increasing understandings between textile manufacturers. The European aluminium cartel has been formed with Germany, England, France, Switzerland, Austria, and Norway as members, and it has already had the effect of completely paralysing American activity, particularly as far as any interference with the French market is concerned. A partial understanding between

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

the British and German steamship companies is, moreover, already an accomplished fact, and may become complete on a larger scale in the near future.

In addition, it behoves us to note the coming into action of the international tube combine, European glue syndicate, European federation of enamel factories and bottle manufacturers, as also the conclusion of the potash agreement. These instances make it possible to realize the progress made and especially the rapidity with which the concentration of European industries is being effected.

Finally—a fact of paramount importance—the production of synthetic petroleum, obtained according to the process made known by Dr. Bergius, is being actively pushed in Germany. Huge factories are already erected, and, thanks to the development which this new industry promises to attain in the next few years, the hope is entertained of freeing Europe completely from the hold of the American petroleum market.

However gigantic these schemes and operations of industrial confederation may be, they are nevertheless still regarded as *insufficient* by some people and do not represent the perfect weapon for economic protection and attack that it is proposed to forge. An eminent business man, Mr. Heinemann, of American nationality but of German origin and affinities, whose interests are chiefly located in Belgium, has constituted himself the promoter of a *Pan-European Industrial Union*, and, for that purpose, has secured very powerful colleagues, grouped in England under the direction of Sir Alfred Mond, and in France under that of M. Louis Loucheur. The object contemplated by this "Union Industrielle" is a still further improved adjustment of economic machinery to the requirements of the moment, not only by the control of competition and collaboration of forces in one particular branch of production, but also by an understanding brought about between the different branches of industrial activity, and especially for the exploitation, use and distribution of raw materials which the *Colonial Empire of Europe* can abundantly furnish, and which would free European economy from any dependence on the United States.

In view of all this energy, what conclusions is one warranted in reaching? What are the prospective

INTERNATIONAL DEBTS PROBLEM

relations between Europe and North America, and which of the two is going to benefit by expected future changes?

In the course of a recent conversation, Dr. Schacht, Governor of the Reichsbank, took occasion to express his opinion by saying that "the United States are helping to make against them the United States of Europe." In this expression, which on account of its brevity may appear paradoxical, Dr. Schacht outlines a truth which, in the eyes of anyone acquainted with European affairs, already assumes the character of evidence. Politically, economically, and financially, the point of view maintained both by Washington and Wall Street is producing ever-increasing distrust. *Warranted or otherwise, such distrust exists*, and it is a fact which a realistic state of mind like the Americans' must necessarily recognize. Henceforth, what is generally called "the policy of the dollar" can no longer bring about results by means of peaceful penetration. Europe mistrusts American strength; Europe mistrusts American trade and capital. The feeling exists that the United States are endeavouring to meddle with European affairs and interfere with the national politics of countries because those countries are her debtors. What is now taking place in Central America, with the consequent reaction in all South American nations, is not calculated to remedy this state of mind; on the contrary, it produces the impression that in this part of the world *some active collaboration might be sought and found*.

The effort developed by certain Powers during the last few months is already noticeable, particularly on the part of Germany and France; they wish to dispense with the financial assistance of Wall Street and procure funds elsewhere—for instance, in Holland or Switzerland—help from these quarters being deemed less dangerous. Moreover, sufficient importance has possibly not been attached in America to another very characteristic symptom of apprehension: every nation that has proceeded to reform its currency (and the two last ones, Belgium and Jugo-Slavia, afford still further proof of it) establishes its new standard of currency on a *sterling* basis, and not on a dollar basis, which is nevertheless the true gold standard. Following the example of Germany, who is very actively engaged in effecting the renationalization of her property, by

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

degrees all the nations of Europe are seeking the most effectual means for regaining the mastery of their respective currencies. A short time ago Dr. Schacht declared that it was essential for Germany to ensure her economic and monetary independence, and consequently, that the use of foreign (i.e. American) credit must be avoided. That opinion has now become the creed of the whole of Europe. In this domain, therefore, there is incontestably one thoroughfare, at any rate, that is barred to the United States.

Furthermore, the present movement with a view to an economic union, which is gaining the increasing adherence of England, the latest convert, entails a common attitude with respect to non-Europeans or, in other words, against Americans:

The authorities of European economy are convinced that the method of opposition now advocated and, as has been shown, already partially applied, is certain to achieve the most complete success. It will allow of the progressive elimination of American trade on the Continent of Europe, and constantly keener competition on the markets of Latin-America and Asia, owing, among other things, to reductions in prices which may easily attain 25 to 30 per cent. One cannot overlook the fact, indeed, that the part played by American trade, however important it may be outside the United States, is only of recent date, which thus makes its nature precarious. European buyers, in particular, have only recently become accustomed to American products, a custom which is not yet firmly established.

The menace to the United States which is now taking shape is therefore far from being negligible, and deserves, *in the interests of international relations alone*, to be closely studied. It is not for a foreigner to discuss the manner in which such a problem should be solved from the American point of view, or to consider the advantages or drawbacks which the maintenance or cancellation of the debts offers under present circumstances. That is a matter which the United States alone are qualified to deal with. But it may appear necessary that the public opinion of the world at large should fully realize the keen character this question has now assumed and the considerable consequences which will sooner or later ensue.

An Indictment of Christian Missions

A Reply to Mencius Junior,
(*English Review*, July)

By Timothy Tingfang Lew, Ph.D., D.D., etc.

[Dr. Lew is well known as a leader in the Chinese Church. A graduate of Yale and Columbia Universities, he has been Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Yenching University, a professor in the National University, and Dean of the Graduate School of Education, and at present holds the Chair of Education and Psychology in Peking, as well as the presidency of the China Christian Educational Association.]

CHRISTIAN missionaries are human beings. They are not perfect; they are only working to attain perfection. Christian missions are not perfect; they are made up of human beings who are trying to serve and help their fellow-men. Christian missions are a part of the churches which sent them and support them. As a rule they do not rise higher than the source. Christian missionaries are trying to serve God and their fellow-men in foreign lands with the limitations which are inherent in any group trying to render service of an international nature. All international undertakings have certain limitations from a national point of view. These limitations must be overcome before such service can be made wholly acceptable nationally. Some phases of international service have a denationalizing influence; others produce just the opposite effect. It largely depends upon how the service is rendered.

Christian missions in China have developed from a small beginning to an extensive system of international service. They aim to serve God, to serve Chinese people, and to promote international goodwill. They have enlisted many thousands of men and women through rigid systems of selection of candidates. As a body of

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Christian workers they are just as good as, if not better than, any group of Christian ministers and social service workers we may select at random in any Western nation of Christendom. They are human, and they themselves would be the first to welcome any criticism in the right spirit. But whoever makes it should at least have knowledge of some important factors, the lack of understanding of which often renders the criticisms unjust and useless. Some of these factors are: (1) Some knowledge of the fundamentals of Christianity; (2) the purpose of the modern Christian missionary movements; (3) some knowledge of the important details of the working system of Christian missions in China; (4) the outstanding facts of the history of the relationship between China and the Western nations in the last three-quarters of a century; (5) some knowledge of the social, religious, and literary heritage of the Chinese race; (6) the changing conditions of China in relation to the modern world; (7) tendencies in thought of the progressive element in China, particularly the younger generation, and their contrast to the reactionary tendencies which have gone on side by side with them; (8) progressive movements and the nationalistic aspirations of Chinese Christians.

Christian missions in China can be appraised according to any one or all of these eight factors, but no reasonable and just critique can be made without giving full consideration to all of them.

Christianity at its best is a religion of love and service. Love and service know no limit. They begin at home, but extend beyond one's own nation to the ends of the earth. Christianity from the very beginning was a missionary religion; it has been one throughout its history, and it will be one for as long as it has any life in it. The purpose of the modern Christian missionary movement in its unadulterated form, without entanglement in other political influences which may utilize it for ulterior motives, is to share the life of love and service with other peoples. Christian missions in China at their best are missions of love and service in the spirit of Christ. They bring the evangel. Their work is that of serving and sharing. This is evangelization, not proselytization.

AN INDICTMENT OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

There is a difference between the two; the former respects the individuality, freedom, and self-determination of the people to whom the mission is sent; the latter respects only itself. The former offers the service, lives the life, and lets these speak to the people; the latter will stop short at no means or methods which will entice people. Evangelization works for the establishment of human brotherhood; proselytization for the mere winning of converts to a sect. Proselytization may denationalize its converts; evangelization should make better citizens. Christian missions in China have succeeded only in so far as they are carrying out the work of evangelization. China resents proselytization, but does not resent evangelization. She is a republic, and her constitution guarantees religious liberty. The leaders of her nationalistic and democratic movements believe in religious liberty as an inalienable right of the people. To love and to serve for the social good, and to work together for the benefit of the people, for their uplift morally and spiritually is the right of every citizen of China. Any person or group of persons from any part of the world who respects the sovereignty of the Chinese nation, who truly loves China, who is truly working for her progress, either through religion or education, who does not try to proselytize but to share with her people light and truth, and to carry out the sharing through educational, medical or evangelistic service, no Chinese who is true to his racial characteristic of courtesy, hospitality, humility, kindness, and willingness to learn, will reject or scorn.

Christian missions in China represent the efforts of 130 different organizations and denominations of Christendom. Their working system represents a wide range of practices and organizations. Their theological points of view and their attitude towards various problems are by no means uniform. But so far as their systems of work have put the emphasis upon the right place, they have severally succeeded. So far as they have made the welfare of Chinese people their chief object and render the service needed, they are welcome. So far as they understand Chinese psychology, appreciate the spiritual inheritance of the Chinese race, try to fulfil and not to destroy that which is good, they have borne fruit. Many

blunders have been made, and many adjustments and even radical reforms are needed in certain parts of this great system so patiently built up, but Christian missions, as well as others, have to learn through trial and error.

The history of the relationship between China and the Western nations in the last three-quarters of a century has not been altogether a happy one. It is true that China has received much benefit through commerce, trade, and other forms of contact with the Western nations, but the unequal treaties and the repeated humiliations she has suffered at the hands of foreign nations have created a situation which is taxing the best minds of the world today. No problem in China can be understood and no solution can be found without considering the problem of unequal treaties and China's cumulative grievances.

Christian missions were founded and carried on by missionaries from the West from those very nations which were the signatories to the unequal treaties. Christian missionaries and the mission property have been under the protection of such treaties. Behind these treaties there stands the military force. This situation has embarrassed Christian missions in no small measure. The anti-Christian movement in China has found the source of its argument from this very anomalous situation. The resentment of China against Christian missions is due to the fact that from the very nations whence Christian missions came there came also the aggressors upon Chinese sovereignty and the interference with the efforts of China to develop her new nationhood. To the extent missionaries or missions support any un-Christian policies of their respective governments towards China, to that extent Chinese do make a strong indictment against Christian missions in China. To the extent that missions have worked to remove such obstacles, to work with Chinese people to bring about a new and equitable international relation between China and foreign Powers, to that extent Chinese people accept the missionaries as their true friends. To the extent that Christianity can be applied not only to individual relationships, but also to the relationships between nations, to that extent Christianity is given an attentive ear today in China.

AN INDICTMENT OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

China has gone through a series of rapid changes in the last few decades. These changes are China's effort to adjust herself to the modern world. She has learned the lesson that she cannot remain isolated and unchanged. After much reluctance and delay she has at last decided to modernize herself. In spite of all the efforts of the Conservatives and the reactionaries, the Renaissance movement in the last ten years has won its decisive battles. It has adopted as its platform the revaluation of all values; it seeks to find truth and light from any source in any part of the world. With open arms China is receiving all things foreign: philosophy, art, science, literature, and—religion. She accepts the critical method of science and applies question marks to everything whether it is Chinese or foreign. No tradition is too ancient, no standard too sacred to escape the rigid application of scientific inquiry. This movement is forward-looking, it emphasizes the practical need of the nation. Its centre of interest is man, its authority is the people.

My colleague in the National University of Peking, Dr. Hu Shih, has published an article entitled "China and Christianity" in the *Forum* for July, 1927. He says:

The part played by the missionaries in the modernization of China will long be remembered by the Chinese, even though no Christian Church may be left there. They were the pioneers of the new China. They helped the Chinese to fight for the suppression of opium which the pirate-traders brought to us. They agitated against foot-binding, which eight centuries of esoteric philosophizing in native China had failed to recognize as an inhuman institution. And they brought to us the first rudiments of European science. The early Jesuits gave us the pre-Newtonian astronomy, and the later Protestant missionaries introduced modern hospitals and schools. They taught us to know that there was a new world and a new civilization behind the pirate-traders and gunboats.

Many of the Protestant missionaries worked hard to awaken China and bring about a modern nation. China is now awakened and determined to modernize herself. There is not the slightest doubt that a new and modern China is emerging out of chaos. . . .

Dr. Hu Shih is not a Christian, but a self-acknowledged atheist. He has not received directly any part of his education in an educational institution under the establishment and auspices of Christian missions in China, and he is not connected in any way with the Christian missions

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

in China. He is the acknowledged leader of the Renaissance movement, and a leader whose scholarship in Chinese history, literature, and philosophy is well recognized. He is also one of the few outstanding men who have, in the last few years, done more than others to promote an intelligent study of, and enthusiastic research into, the social, religious, and literary inheritance of the Chinese people. Because of the rise of denationalization and rationalism he does not believe Christianity has a bright future in China. He is a relentless critic of Christian movements and missions in China, as he is of everything that deserves attention. He cannot be accused either of being a pro-Christian missionary or belonging to a "semi-educated, foreign-speaking riff-raff" of Christian lower-class youths, who do not know our own religion and philosophy. Yet he believes the modernization of China is a movement which cannot be stopped by any reactionary force. He regards the part which Christian missionaries have contributed to the modernization as not to be scorned, but to be remembered with appreciation.

His judgment expressed in the above quotation can be taken as representing the majority, if not all, of the critical but fair-minded leaders of present-day China on this problem of modernization and the missionaries' relation to it so far.

From the point of view of a reactionary it will be quite different, of course. He will naturally not favour, but will even detest, the modernization of China; he will regard all modernization as regrettable.

That some returned students have either started their study in things modern and Western without having had a sound foundation of our own Chinese culture, or having stayed abroad too long, have neglected the latter, is to be admitted. Such neglect has worked to the detriment of their own careers and to the ineffectiveness of their own service to China, but it is only a reactionary who would indiscriminately say that most returned students are as such. That much of the effort of the modern movements now going on in China is premature and ill-advised is also to be admitted, but it will take an extreme pessimistic reactionary to sweep

AN INDICTMENT OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

them all aside as "jeopardizing our country to the last degree."

That certain parts of the Christian missionary programme and some of the methods employed by Christian missionaries in China so far are more international than national, that this phase of Christian missions needs to be improved is to be admitted not only by their critics, but by the progressive missionaries themselves. It takes, however, an ignorant reactionary to regard the entire Christian movement, and therefore the result of Christian missions, as that of total denationalization of the Chinese people. He is ignorant because he does not take the trouble to know and understand the following facts. There has been right along a strong undercurrent in the Chinese Church of progressive and nationalistic aspirations which has now become an open and aggressive movement from the Chinese Christians, working for an indigenous Church. Chinese Christians are at one with their fellow-countrymen in fighting against unequal treaties, the ill-treatment of China at the hands of any foreign nation, and the evil of any kind of irresponsible radicalism, whether it is from Russia, America, or Europe. Chinese Christians are whole-heartedly and loyally supporting any political or social movement, provided it is not un-Christian, that is working for the preservation and enrichment of Chinese life and for the realization of China's national aspirations.

China is determined to modernize herself; modernization is necessarily critical of the past. If the past is good enough to meet the present-day needs, our "Hanlin doctors of proved knowledge and sagacity" would be still serving their Emperor and ruling the country today. To a reactionary who regards "the laws and customs which have served us for thousands of generations" as sufficiently good without any change, without the need of enrichment from Western civilization, the hope of China, of course, lies in the effort of "the old generation, aided by the provincial gentry, to hold their own against the flood of new thought and idealism." But the flood of new thought and idealism in the world has, not only in China, but in all parts of the world, defied the efforts of "the old generation."

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Moreover, the new movements of modernization led by the returned students, while enthusiastic about the modern civilization of the West and very critical toward all things, including the customs and laws and teachings of China's past, are helping the present generation to study afresh our classics, history, philosophy, and art with unprecedented zeal and scientific vigour. The Renaissance movement has already developed new and deep appreciation of our cultural heritage, and research work in many lines has been inaugurated. It is also from these very movements led by the returned students that the movement of nationalism comes, which has put many a reactionary to shame in his devotion to China and to her cultural heritage.

One of the outstanding elements of modernization of China is democratization. Whatever one may say of democracy, the Chinese people have made up their mind to give it a trial; imperialism or monarchy of any kind is a bygone thing. China has turned her back upon them. The experience of the last sixteen years—in spite of the many failures—has conclusively settled the question. China will keep on trying to attain democracy, however difficult be the task; a monarchy is doomed in China for ever. The democratization and modernization of China are, of course, absurd to a person who regards the corrupt and hopeless Government of the Manchu dynasty as "*our** dynasty." He would agree with the late Empress Dowager that "the Chinese were entirely incompetent to govern themselves," regard democracy as a form of government which "breeds endless wars," and Dr. Sun, the father of the Chinese Republic, as a "returned student whose idealism outran his senses," and therefore "a menace" to China. Such a person must also condemn the missionaries who have contributed their share to the modernization of China and have introduced ideas of democracy; not because they are missionaries, but as the heralds of a new order which sounds the death-knell of the old.

The pity is, however, that the missionaries cannot claim all the credit of modernization and democratization of China; their share, while important, is almost negligible

* *Italics mine.*

AN INDICTMENT OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

in comparison with China's own efforts in sending students abroad to learn these ideas. Of the twenty thousand students educated in Japan in the last two or three decades, hardly any were sent by Christian missions. Of the few thousand students who have studied in Europe and America, scarcely 1 per cent. were "despatched to foreign countries" by the missionaries. Most of these have been selected by the Chinese Government through competitive examinations. Anyone who can complacently regard the returned students as people who were "gathered up by missionaries from the lowest strata of the populace" insults his own intelligence rather than that of others. Only one who naïvely professes to know so little about the modern generation could make the blunder of attributing one of the most important educational efforts of the Chinese government and people of the last quarter of a century entirely to Christian missions.

That the Young Men's Christian Association in China has been one of the most important parts of the Christian movement in China is true. Anyone who has any knowledge about this organization at all would testify to the indisputable fact that it is more Chinese than any other branch of the Christian movement in China. It is true that, like most of the Christian movements in early days, it was founded by American, British, and other European missionaries, but it grew on an entirely different basis to other organizations. No local association was organized without fully meeting three strict requirements: (a) That the Chinese Christians of the locality agreed to have it; (b) that the Chinese assume its full financial responsibility; (c) that a Board of Directors should be elected by the Chinese, composed of entirely Chinese Christians. Such a Board of Directors has the complete authority to determine its programme of activities, to employ and dismiss secretaries, *both Chinese and foreign*. A National Council, entirely Chinese, elected by Chinese members through local associations and national conferences, determine its national policy. The national officers, together with the national general secretaries, are Chinese. Foreign secretaries are employed by the National Committee, their tenure of service being decided by the latter, and their duties assigned by the Chinese general secretary,

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

with approval of the National Executive Committee, which is entirely Chinese. Thus the organization is self-supporting, self-governing, as thoroughly Chinese as any organization in the Christian movement in China.

That the Chinese Y.M.C.A. movement has received much inspiration and help from the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association is a fact gratefully acknowledged by our Chinese Christians. The salaries of the foreign secretaries are supported by the International Committee through the generosity of the Christian friends in the West. The number of foreign secretaries has, however, decreased steadily and rapidly in the last few years; only a very small percentage of the staff of secretaries throughout the country are foreigners. Some of the buildings of different associations were built with partial contributions from the West, but no association building is put up and charter granted unless the financial responsibility, apart from the limited assistance from the West, is fully assumed by the Chinese.

The activities of the associations are many-sided, but all concentrated on the all-round development of young manhood; they are social, religious, educational, recreational, but never political. That many of its former secretaries are not scholars in Chinese culture is no secret. They were employed usually to look after the organization technique, physical education, and certain religious and social service. They are there to help in the things which they are trained for and not to look after Chinese culture. They have served faithfully and creditably in the lines which they are expected to render, and their service is a fact too well known to need any comment. That they are also human beings, like the average college graduate of the West, and that they learn while they serve, and do not claim any perfection, is also a fact which any Y.M.C.A. secretary, Eastern or Western, would readily admit, and any reasonable observer would take for granted.

When, however, a writer has to gain "a better knowledge of the working of these branches" of the Association in China through "certain Japanese officials," it is, of course, not surprising to hear him shamelessly accusing Chinese secretaries: "far from using this organization

AN INDICTMENT OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

for religious or cultural uses, the whole efforts of the hot-headed young students were to use it as a fostering place for rebellion beneath the shelter of the American flag." Such serious accusation and the statement that "the whole Association was nothing more than a breeding-ground of rebellion sedulously fostered by all the outcast and disaffected elements of the populace, whilst pretending to be a religious organization," cannot be made by a true Chinese gentleman without producing evidence. Nor would a true Chinese gentleman accuse the Young Men's Christian Association, or such a well-known Christian institution as Yenching University, of being agents through which "Russian secret service agents" carry on their work "of making China a second Russia, governed directly from Moscow," without producing concrete evidence.

It is inexpressibly painful to see the revered name Mencius assumed by any one who seems to use it for the purpose of hiding his own ignorance. He seems by this wanting in courage, yet unable to control himself from venting some prejudices by making sweeping accusations without giving evidence against organizations and people who never claimed to be perfect, many of whom, with all their defects and shortcomings, are humbly and faithfully trying in their own way to help China and to promote international friendship.

Notes from Paris

M. Poincaré's Prestige.—The Chambers have dispersed for their summer recess, and M. Poincaré will now have three months' rest from political cares. The session wound up, as usual, with something of a crisis. The passing of the Electoral Reform Bill produced signs of disaffection among the Right wing of the Coalition, who were violently opposed to it, while the Left wing simultaneously threatened revolt on account of M. Poincaré's refusal to increase the credits allotted to improve the condition of minor Government officials. All turned out well in the end; both sections came to heel, showing that M. Poincaré still counts in the country as the man who saved the franc, and no party wishes to make itself responsible for his overthrow.

Scrutin d'arrondissement.—The reversion to the *arrondissement* instead of the department as the unit of parliamentary representation is a significant change. It represents a reaction of the French people from the broader horizons opened to it by the war and the great international problems which subsequently arose to domestic and parochial affairs. Leading politicians of all French parties have condemned *scrutin d'arrondissement*; with it French politics have always tended to become narrow, petty and personal. It is the counterpart of the French system of administration, which partly explains the great attraction it has for the French. Just as, by the centralization of authority, the hand of the Government can make itself felt through prefect and sub-prefect in the administration of the *arrondissement* and the *commune*, so *scrutin d'arrondissement* results in a remarkably direct control of the Government by the elector. In neither case is the control altogether healthy. It is not right that the administration of a small district should be dependent on the authority of Paris for decisions of minor importance, and it is just as absurd that the Government of France should be hampered in the execution of its policy by the *café* politicians of provincial towns.

One of the greatest services which M. Poincaré's Government has done to France has been to decentralize authority to a considerable extent and give more latitude to the local councils of departments and communes. It is disappointing that reform of the electoral system

NOTES FROM PARIS

should have gone in the opposite direction and taken France back to a method long discredited by its unhealthy influence on politics.

Royalists and Communists.—Though the Government still commands the respect and gratitude of the country owing to M. Poincaré's handling of the financial situation, it has lost "face" over its treatment of the Royalists and Communists. M. Barthou, the Minister of Justice, has come near making himself ridiculous. It must be admitted that the Royalists and the Communists present a very difficult problem to a Republican Government when they become active. Both are avowedly hostile to the regime, and take a pleasure in defying it. The Government has two courses open to it: it must either pay no attention to them, or suppress them with a strong hand. Half-measures are useless, for they are an admission of weakness, which the opponents of the regime are only too ready to exploit.

The Government was on the verge of taking half-measures with M. Daudet when he first declined to serve his sentence for libel, but by his melodramatic behaviour in taking refuge behind barbed-wire defences in the offices of the *Action Française*, he forced them to take stern action. When the *Camelots du Roi* succeeded in releasing him from gaol by their telephone trick, the best and only thing for the Government to have done was to proceed at once against the leaders of that organization on the strength of the evidence of their complicity given by M. Maurice Pujo in his article in the *Action Française*. Instead it hesitated for days. It then tardily arrested M. Pujo and Madame Montard, the *Action Française* telephonist, but M. Barthou, apparently with the idea of being stern, refused them the special privileges usually granted to political prisoners. This was a great mistake, for it aroused public sympathy in their favour. There was an interpellation in the Chamber, and M. Barthou, instead of taking the line that the Royalists had defied authority and must be taught a lesson, bowed before the storm and eventually allowed them both to be set at liberty again. Meanwhile, M. Daudet, from his hiding-place, has been contributing his usual daily article to the *Action Française*, and poking fun at the Government without mercy.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

The Government's Weakness.—The Government has cut just as sorry a figure in its campaign against the Communists. After M. Sarraut and M. Poincaré had pronounced them to be the enemies of the State and had solemnly declared war on them, the Government ought to have staked its existence on obtaining from the Chamber the delivery to justice of those deputies on whom sentence had been passed for treason. But M. Poincaré decided not to make it a question of confidence, and the Chamber, which would probably have followed him if he had given it a lead, refused to suspend their parliamentary immunity. The country was presented with the demoralizing spectacle of M. Cachin, the leader of the Communist party, being put in prison, and being released a few hours later by a vote of the Chamber.

It is hard for an Englishman to understand such weak-kneed behaviour. The explanation lies in the policy of moderation towards its political opponents which the Third Republic has consistently practised. Thiers, in laying down the principles of Republican government in its early days, declared that *la république ne doit pas faire peur* and successive governments and parliaments have held to that policy.

Professional Cycling.—The annual race round France by professional cyclists, known as *Le Tour de France*, finished in Paris a few days ago. The cyclists work round the coasts and frontiers in daily stages; each stage is a race in itself, and the competitors score points according to the order in which they finish at the end of each day. During the thirty days which it lasts, the race absorbs popular interest to about the same extent as a test match does in England. Crowds collect to watch it pass in every village along the route, and the competitors are followed by special correspondents of all the principal newspapers, who record their progress by telegraph from hour to hour. This passion of the French crowd for professional cycling is curious. One sees it again in the six days' continuous bicycle race held in Paris in the winter. It is attended by fashionable crowds who go on to the *Vélodrome d'Hiver* after the theatre to witness the midnight sprint. Each nation has its particular tastes in sport. What county cricket and league football are in England, and bull-fighting in Spain, Rugby football and professional cycling are in France.

Towards Vacancy

By "The Old Stager"

It merits serious consideration whether the three great educational forces in this country, the "popular" Press, the Film and the Radio, are now engaged in developing a race of half-wits. It is arguable that in three generations the bulk of the population will have lost all power of individual reasoning and be incapable of making deductions from given premises, and that only the descendants of that small part of the nation who now have the educational prestige to resist the blandishments of these three jugglers, or whose habitation enforced is set beyond the confines of their influence, will retain the use of the mind.

In the rivalry, the competition, the internecine struggle in which the popular Press is ceaselessly engaged, it is apparent that the reading public, for whose favours the battle rages, is universally regarded as a spoilt or tired child who must be constantly amused or excited, but never exerted.

Every new "stunt" or concession to catch the popular fancy is in the direction of reducing the exercise of the mind—of cutting the cackle and doubling the pretty pictures.

The shortest report of an event is too long for the public—it must be extracted to head lines and summarized under headings. Newspaper staffs are constantly devising new lay-outs and new type to make the business of glancing through a newspaper easier; at all costs, the public must be spared exertion; an important speech is boiled down to two lines containing some homely or humorous simile irrelevant to the context; if trouble breaks out in Palestine, a view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives is as much as the public must see of it; a photograph of his wife's boudoir is regarded as an adequate substitute in the public menu for the declared policy of a great statesman. Always the tendency is

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

in the direction of reading without tears, of pretty pictures, of saving exertion, of killing time.

Sir Barry Jackson said recently that the test of a good play is the public desire to discuss after seeing it. It is very true. Men of education are well aware that only by sweat and spade work can man enjoy the fruits of the earth. A diet of mince and slops is for invalids; indefinitely prolonged, it brings the teeth to ruin. There is not one in a thousand of the films daily presented to the public that any sensible man or woman would seriously discuss or anatomize after viewing it. It is the measure of its value; it has but killed time and left no permanent good behind.

Nor do these shoddy melodramas, or inaccurately assembled historical records, provide opportunity for guesses. Villains, heroes, heroines, conform to an accepted type, lay on their grease paints with a trowel, are recognized while yet in the wings. King Alfred is for ever neglecting cakes, King Charles ogling a woman, Farmer George puzzling over the apple dumpling. The captions are there to illumine the noon-day brightness and are written for naked savages or infants in arms.

And the Radio? *Imprimis*, it has killed the last opportunity for individual study. Where ten years ago men exercised their brains over a game of chess, an argument, a political or philosophic discussion, a book, perhaps a classic of literature, today the last privacy or recreation ground of the soul is punctually invaded by this latest triumph of science. This wicked sausage-machine takes in Truth (that goddess not lightly won) and heigh presto! she is squeezed out through a funnel, a string of polite sausages—labels, gobbets of information, irrelevant facts, dates, anonymous opinions on this and that, delivered in the accents of South Kensington on the authority of God knows whom!

That the facts are forgotten, as soon as heard, is but a fraction of the mischief. The Radio has destroyed the day's best opportunity for mental exercise and provided a meal of slops and mince which makes no call upon the mind's teeth.

If the average man's work called for initiative or mental exertion, the theft of his recreational hours would

TOWARDS VACANCY

matter less vitally; but the whole tendency of industrial evolution is towards making his task more and more mechanical.

In whatever direction man turns in his hours of recreation—to the acquisition of knowledge and truth, to the contemplation of beauty in art and nature, to the study of his fellow-man, to sentiment, romance, religion—he finds that he must not forage for himself, but must pay for and take away the little, pretty packets of assorted drops prepared for him by the half-educated and self-appointed arbiters of public taste.

Small wonder that busy men of no particular intellectual prestige soon cease to ask the unattainable and accept and suck the coloured drops till their teeth decay from disuse.

How will heredity deal with them and theirs? We know very well that organs left unused atrophy and disappear in posterity.

Unless, as a study of history suggests, the brainless, unreasoning rabble falls on and destroys an inconsiderable intelligentsia, it is reasonable to anticipate that in three generations the country will be populated by robots, directed by the brains of a small body, accidental survivors from the age of reason. These will be the descendants of persons, today strong enough to resist the poison of these three wizards and clear-sighted enough to recognize its danger; or the descendants of men who, by accident or design, are now winning a livelihood in those distant parts of the Empire and the Earth which are still outside the range of the fumes. To the gillie of Ross-shire, and to the cultivator of the remoter acres in the British Empire, we must look to provide the future leaders of the race.

The Action Française

By Charles Petrie

THE extraordinary circumstances which attended the arrest of M. Léon Daudet a few weeks ago, and his dramatic escape from prison almost immediately afterwards, have focused public attention in nearly every country in Europe both upon the *Action Française* and upon its leaders. A movement which within the space of a few short months has been condemned by the Pope and has successfully defied M. Poincaré is certainly worthy of notice, though it can hardly be a matter for surprise that its aims should have been misunderstood in view of the paradoxes they appear to engender.

The *Action Française* was founded in 1898 by the late Henri Vaugeois and by M. Maurice Pujo, the present editor of the paper to which the movement has given its name, as a Nationalist organization. It thus came into existence at a time when the more aggressively patriotic section of French public opinion was recovering from the ridicule with which the ignominious failure of General Boulanger had covered it, and it was at first content to confine itself to a purely Nationalist programme: a few years, however, after its inception the *Action Française* came under the influence of M. Charles Maurras, and it then adopted a Royalist policy. M. Maurras, indeed, has been the intellectual driving force behind the movement ever since he joined it, and his influence in its counsels is as great today as ever it was. Before the war the *Action Française* was decidedly anti-Parliamentary in its attitude, possibly because its weakness gave it little hope of being represented either in the Chamber or in the Senate, but after the Armistice this policy was for a time reversed. To the Chamber, which was elected in 1919, several of its members were returned, notably M. Léon Daudet himself for Paris, and on more than one occasion it exercised considerable

THE ACTION FRANÇAISE

influence. At the last elections, however, all its candidates were defeated, and since then it has resumed its old hostility to parliamentarianism.

The immediate aim of the *Action Française* is to restore the monarchy in the person of the Duc de Guise, called by his supporters Jean III, the great-grandson of Louis Philippe, who has inherited the claims of his cousin and brother-in-law, the late Duc d'Orléans. The restoration of the Duc de Guise, however, is not—and this is what distinguishes the *Action Française* from the other Royalist organizations in France—an end in itself, but rather a means to an end, namely, the reorganization of the country. In these circumstances it is incorrect to describe the movement as a reactionary one, when it is really as revolutionary as Fascismo itself, and the return to a monarchical regime is advocated by many of its members because events in Spain and Italy have shown that the task of national regeneration is more easy to accomplish when it can be carried out in the name of a monarch. Disraeli once declared that mankind can be governed either by tradition or by the sword, and the *Action Française* pins its faith to a judicious mixture of these two factors. In short, it cannot be too often or too strongly stated that as a movement its aim is not to restore the *ancien régime*, and it has nothing in common with the various legitimist societies which still linger on in most European countries.

Its programme, as has been said, is now definitely anti-Parliamentarian, though it by no means contemplates an irresponsible despotism. Rather are the institutions of the country to be remodelled upon modern Spanish and Italian lines; Spanish, so far as local government is concerned, and Italian, as displayed in Signor Mussolini's recent Syndical Law. The departments are to be abolished in favour of a revival of the old provinces of pre-Revolutionary days, and to these it is proposed to grant a wide measure of self-government. This aspect of the policy of the *Action Française*, it may be remarked, accounts for the great strength of the movement in Alsace Lorraine, and it undoubtedly appeals to many who are otherwise not dissatisfied with the Third Republic. The idea of representation by corporations

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

rather than upon a regional basis has been advocated by such widely different personages as the Comte de Chambord, Mr. Sidney Webb, and Signor Mussolini, and it has many attractions for those who are weary of the futilities of the present Chamber. In foreign affairs the *Action Française* is aggressively Nationalist, but this aspect of its programme can be taken *cum grano salis*, for there can be little doubt that, as in the case of Fascismo, office would considerably modify the views of its leaders.

The *Action Française*, it may be noted in parenthesis, has recently come into conflict with the Church for reasons which are hotly disputed by both parties to the quarrel. The Vatican maintains that it takes no part in French politics, and that it has merely condemned the movement because in certain matters its teaching is contrary to that of the Church. The directors of the *Action Française*, on the other hand, allege that the action of the Vatican is due to a desire to find favour in the eyes of the existing Republican authorities, and they even go so far as to declare that the Pope has exceeded his powers in pronouncing upon the matter at all, while they reassure their followers with the old slogan of the Land League in somewhat similar circumstances :

Our religion from Rome,
Our politics from home.

What effect the official hostility of the Church will have upon the fortunes of the movement remains to be seen, but it does not appear to have done it much harm as yet, and Papal censures are not usually very effective in France.

Before considering the prospects of the *Action Française* and its position in the present state of French politics, it is necessary to take into account the personalities of its four great leaders, MM. Léon Daudet, Charles Maurras, Maurice Pujo, and Jacques Bainville, for upon their individual efforts its success or failure in the future very largely depends.

M. Léon Daudet is a son of the creator of the immortal *Tartarin*, and is himself a writer of no mean ability. He is now in his sixtieth year, but all his writing, whether fiction or political, is marked by the freshness and vigour

THE ACTION FRANÇAISE

of youth, and his daily articles in the *Action Française* are a pleasure to read, however violently one may disagree with the sentiments which they express. During the past few years he has managed, by such acts as his escape from the Santé Prison, to attract much attention to himself, and he is also regarded with a considerable amount of sympathy in many quarters owing to the mysterious death of his son, which, he declares, was an act of vengeance on the part of the police. Whether M. Daudet possesses those qualities necessary to a statesman only the success of the Royalist cause can show; but there can be no doubt that in opposition he is the most dangerous of enemies, and not least for the reason that almost alone among modern politicians he thoroughly appreciates the value of ridicule as a weapon in public controversy.

The very opposite, though in respect of the task in which they are engaged the complement, of M. Daudet is M. Charles Maurras. Only his political views have impeded his election to the Académie Française, and he is undoubtedly one of the chief ornaments of French thought at the present time. His influence upon the younger generation is enormous, and on its intellectual side the *Action Française* owes everything to M. Maurras. In one respect, however, he has proved as much a liability as an asset to the movement, for he is a free-thinker, and it is his views on religion which have recently called down the Papal wrath upon it; but, on the other hand, he has enabled it to secure a hold over the youth at the universities, particularly at the Sorbonne, which, it is hoped, will compensate for the defection of the more timid Catholics. M. Maurras is the same age as M. Daudet, and together they constitute, in different fields, the driving force of the movement.

M. Maurice Pujo is at the present time the editor of the paper, and his name has recently come rather prominently before the public as a result of his arrest on the charge of complicity in the escape of M. Daudet from the Santé Prison. In his early days he was an Anarchist, but changed his views after the Dreyfus *affaire*, and for many years has been one of the leading Nationalists and anti-Semites. There are a number of Royalist papers in the provinces outside Paris which keep in close touch

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

with the *Action Française* through the "Association de la Presse Monarchique et Catholique," and these derive their inspiration from M. Pujo. Better known, perhaps, in Great Britain on account of his historical works, is M. Jacques Bainville, who is closely associated with M. Pujo as a daily contributor to his paper. As an authority on foreign affairs, as well as for the lucidity of his style, M. Bainville is second to "Pertinax" alone, while some of his lighter works, such as his recent "Jaco et Lori," recall the exquisite satire of Voltaire and Anatole France. He is still on the right side of fifty, and by the monarchical interpretation which he puts upon French history he seems destined to render in the future valuable services to the movement with which he is associated.

To estimate the position of the *Action Française* in French politics is by no means easy, for one is only too apt either to exaggerate or to minimize its importance. It is certainly representative of a minority, and a very small minority at that, but then so were Fascismo and Sinn Fein in their early days. It has been condemned by the Church, but so has many another movement which has been crowned with success in the end. Its violent methods have time after time disgusted moderate opinion, but so did those of the Suffragettes, yet they got the vote. In these circumstances, the only satisfactory method of arriving at a just estimate of its position today is to consider its weakness and its strength, and then to endeavour to strike the balance.

In the first place, the *Action Française* by no means includes all those who hope for a restoration of the monarchy. None of the Royalist Senators and Deputies are numbered among its members, and in many monarchist circles both its programme and its methods are regarded with suspicion, while the Papal censure has undoubtedly weakened its influence among the clergy. Furthermore, it is rumoured that the Duc de Guise himself is none too eager to rule over a syndicalist state with M. Daudet playing the part of Signor Mussolini, and he is said to have received the leaders of the movement rather coldly during a recent visit they paid to him at Brussels. Above all, it seems incredible that after rejecting them for nearly

THE ACTION FRANÇAISE

eighty years France should once again turn to the Bourbons; it would be a restoration without parallel in history. The Third Republic has successfully overcome innumerable crises, and even if the existing regime has many faults, the average Frenchman, with the memory of the nineteenth century still fresh in his mind, is not likely to risk such a leap in the dark as the restoration of the monarchy would entail. In short, the parties of the Left maintain that Royalism in France is without hope, and MM. Daudet and Maurras are merely the distinguished champions of a lost cause.

The reply of the *Action Française* to these criticisms is that the movement is attempting to put the clock forward, not back, and that it should be compared, not with Carlism, but with Fascismo. The restoration of the monarchy is only part, if the most spectacular part, of its programme, and the return of the King is merely the necessary prelude to the erection of the new machinery of government essential to deal with those problems which the Republican regime has proved unable to solve. The *Action Française* maintains that it looks to the future rather than to the past, and it must be confessed that it has little in common with that Royalism which failed so conspicuously to restore the Comte de Chambord after the Franco-Prussian War. Its apologists point to the collapse of the Parliamentary system in Spain and Italy, and declare that it is only a question of time when a like fate will overtake it in France. In other words, they believe that, partly by their efforts and partly through its own inherent weaknesses, the present regime is tottering, and that, when it falls, the country will have no alternative between their programme and anarchy, while some of them even go so far as to say that this crisis will come within the next few months.

It would appear, then, that the only hope which the *Action Française* can reasonably entertain of obtaining power is founded upon the silent acquiescence of the majority in a *coup d'état*; in other words, a repetition of the state of affairs which led to the establishment of the Fascist regime in Italy and of more than one Government in the past history of France itself. It is believed in Royalist circles that sooner or later the Communists

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

will make an attempt to overthrow the existing order, and that then the only force capable of resistance will be the *Action Française*, to whom the French *bourgeoisie* will accordingly turn for help. For this eventuality the "Camelots du Roi" have been given a strictly military organization, and both their numbers and their discipline have made a favourable impression upon impartial observers during the past few months; in effect, the lesson which Signor Mussolini taught five years ago has been very thoroughly assimilated by those responsible for the organization of the *Action Française*, and the result has certainly been to increase very considerably the latter's potential power in time of crisis.

Whether the necessary conditions for success will ever come about is a moot point, but it seems certain that sooner or later the leaders of the *Action Française* will have to make at any rate an attempt "to deliver the goods." For some time past they have been rousing the enthusiasm of their followers, mostly young men drawn from all classes of society, to fever-heat, and on the morning of M. Daudet's arrest bloodshed on a large scale was only averted with the greatest difficulty. In these circumstances there is every danger that if action is much longer delayed, either the Royalist ardour will be permanently damped or some of the more unreflecting will allow their zeal to outrun their discretion. The future alone can show whether the *Action Française* is a rising hope or a lost cause, whether it is to be numbered with Fascismo or with Jacobitism; but however this may be, there can be no doubt that at present it is a very active force indeed, and as such deserves the attention of all who are interested in the great movements of the day.

Ballads

By Letty Stack

THE old Scottish ballads, which contain some of the most delightful poetry in our literature, are not so widely known among us as they should be. They can be read and enjoyed equally by those who know much or little or nothing at all about ballad history, that vast and complex subject which scholars have found so fascinating, and which has been the source of such endless controversy and conjecture. We should only know, perhaps, that there is little we *can* know with certainty about them; that they have come down to us in a large number of different versions, and that it is only possible to surmise, for the most part, how or when they were composed. For the rest, we can accept and enjoy them as they are—without troubling ourselves much about their origin and development and significance—in the pages, for instance, of the “Oxford Book of Ballads,” most enchanting of anthologies, the text of which has been used in the illustrations which follow.

To a certain extent all ballads are alike in form and style, and everybody knows in a general way how they are told. Characteristic of nearly all of them, for instance, is an odd combination of the swift and the leisurely in movement; they can be by turns magnificently brief and astonishingly prolix. When they are rapid, years and months are taken easily in their stride :

Lady Jeanie had not been married
A year but only three,
Till she had a babe upon every arm,
And another upon her knee.

Months of probably tedious courtship are thus briefly and cheerfully summarized :

He woo'd her but, he woo'd her ben,
He woo'd her in the ha'.

Conversation is recorded barely and economically, without preliminaries; none of your “he exclaimed” and “she retorted” for the ballad-writer; an occasional “says” at most. And, in general, the openings lose no time in getting to the heart of things. The circumstances

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

are explained, or the action embarked upon, with the least possible delay :

O, I forbid you, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tam Lin is there.

Or we even find the story in full swing before we can look round :

" Rise, rise up now, Lord Douglas," she says,
" And put on your armour so bright,
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night."

Yet together with all this fine speed and economy there is much easy repetition and delay, for which there were certainly various good reasons when the ballads were first made and recited. Refrains, though they do not occur in many of them in their present form, often make their pace seem leisurely and easy-going :

There were three ladies play'd at the ba',
With a hey ho ! and a lily gay !
By came a knight and he woo'd them a',
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.
Sing Annet, and Marret, and fair Maisie,
As the dew hangs i' the wood, gay ladie !

And so on through the whole. This is one of the most charming refrains of all ; yet, incidentally, quite out of keeping with the tragic story, and coming oddly and grimly in the last verses :

" What will you leave to your brother John ?"
With a hey ho ! and a lily gay !
" The gallows tree to hang him on."
And the primrose spreads so sweetly.
Sing Annet, and Marret, and fair Maisie,
As the dew hangs i' the wood, gay ladie !

There are, too, other repetitions, which are not actually refrains, but are sometimes very like them. If the hero has to tell the same story, or make the same reply, to three or four different people—well, he does it. We are never merely given to understand that he went to so-and-so and so-and-so and said the same thing to both, or that he made the same reply as before ; he always repeats the same words exactly, so many times over, with the necessary additions on each occasion (the technical "incremental repetition"). A long dialogue

BALLADS

will often consist of the same verses reiterated again and again, with slight variations, as Johnnie Armstrong pleads for his life before the King with the words :

Grant me my life, my liege, my King,
And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee,

naming a different gift each time he repeats them. And the King replies always :

Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin with thee.

So in "King Henry" the "griesly ghost" makes her repeated demands, and he his replies, always in the same form, with this as a kind of refrain in between :

O whan he slew his berry-brown steed,
Wow but his heart was sair !
She ate him a' up, skin an' bane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

But the second time it is his "good grey-hounds," and the third time his "gay goss-hawks."

So the ballad, making fullest use of short-cuts in some directions, altogether ignores them in others; it is at once rapid and slow-moving; in a sense, dramatic and undramatic. In general, again, its interest does not depend on excitement, unexpectedness, climax; and it hardly ever makes dramatic capital out of these. It does not often conclude, for instance, with the culminating point of the actual story; anti-climax is perfectly natural to it, perfectly in accordance with its mood. When May Colvin has drowned her lover :

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple-grey,
And she rode till she reach'd her father's gate
At the breakin' o' the day;

and there follows, as a charming little epilogue, her talk with the parrot—"O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot! Nor tell no tales of me"—and so on. Again, "Childe Maurice" might end, dramatically speaking, with the verse :

But when she look'd on Childe Maurice' head,
She ne'er spake words but three :
"I never bare no child but one,
And you have slain him, truly."

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

But several more stanzas follow, and very beautiful they are, ending at last :

Wicked be my merry men all,
I gave meat, drink and cloth !
But could they not have holden me,
When I was in all that wrath ?

This is the "falling close" so characteristic of the ballads, like :

Ye've had a cruel mither, Willie,
And I have had anither;
But we shall sleep in Clyde's water,
Like sister and like brither;

and, as beautiful as any, that of "Little Musgrave and Lord Barnard" :

"A grave, a grave," Lord Barnard cried,
"To put these lovers in !
But lay my lady on the upper hand,
For she comes of the nobler kin,"

which recalls that other fine ending : "*Go seek now this cursed woman, and bury her; for she is a King's daughter.*"

Sometimes the tragic conclusion of the story is just indicated, no more :

Gae hame, and tell my mother dear
My horse he has me slain;
And bid her be kind to my young son,
For father he has nane.

And where is the "climax" of "Sir Patrick Spens"? Strictly speaking, there is none :

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

And then the crisis is passed over, as it were, the catastrophe being understood in those last grim verses :

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-weel'd shoon;
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon. . . .
. . . O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

BALLADS

The storm is passed, the tragedy accomplished :

Half-oure, half-oure to Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet !

These, then, are the main lines upon which the ballads are constructed; and so told, the best of them have magnificent dramatic qualities of which we have not yet spoken. Chiefly, they are dramatic in *flashes*, at the height of their most thrilling moments, so that while we may forget the stories they tell, we always remember lines such as these, packed close with excitement and intensity :

" O Earl Bran', I see your heart's bloud !"
—" It's na but the glent of my scarlet hood ";

and :

O got ye this by sea or land,
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand ?

and :

" What hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
The sun shines sweetly on ? "
" Oh yon are the hills of Heaven," he said,
" Where you will never won."

Sometimes, not often, dramatic irony (a device lying outside ballad art as a rule) contributes its effect, as when Clerk Saunders lies dead :

And they lay still and sleepit sound,
Until the day began to daw';
And kindly she to him did say
" It is time, true love, you were awa."

Or at the murder of the child in "Lamkin" :

Then out it spak' the lady,
As she stood on the stair:
" What ails my bairn, nourrice,
That he's greeting sae sair ?
O still my bairn, nourrice,
O still him wi' the pap,"
" He winna still, lady,
For this nor for that."

The ballads are full of these tense and vivid situations. More important still, their language at such moments has all the force and compression needed to produce dramatic effect; and here, indeed, we come upon one of

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

the great secrets of their magic—their phraseology. It is because of this that it is so much simpler and more satisfactory to quote from them than to talk about them; better than any other poetry in the world, they can speak clearly for themselves in a line or a verse. Yet they are admittedly below the greatest poetry; their music has often the happy simplicity of a tune, but the great orchestral effects are far beyond it. Why is the tune so delightful and so haunting?

The ballad language is easily illustrated, up to a certain point; beyond that, difficult to analyse and define. In some characteristic details of expression, familiar to every one, it is more or less stereotyped. There is, for instance, its trick of repetition:

To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;

its continual use of the historic present ("he has cut the head off Childe Maurice"; "our king has written a braid letter"); some favourite turns of speech ("then up and crew the red, red cock"; "then up it starts him young Bekie"); certain stock phrases ("the tear blinded his 'ee"; "an ill death may she dee"), and so on. Probably there is, also, a certain charm of unfamiliarity for many people in the ordinary Scottish speech of the ballads; a romantic attraction about

And ae tift o' the norland wind
It gar'd them all to knell

which they would find lacking in

And every breath of the northern wind
It made them all to ring.

Characteristic also of the ballad speech are an extreme simplicity and directness. Its constructions are straightforward, its meaning always unmistakable:

I'll ask leave at nae living man,
Nor yet will I at thee;
My father is king o'er all this realm,
This wood belongs to me.

There is never an obscure or complex sentence. This is a commonplace example; but where such simplicity and conciseness are used with dramatic instinct

BALLADS

and imaginative power, we have the ballad language at its greatest, in lines with the strength and precision of :

O lang, lang is the winter's night,
And slowly daws the day!
There lies a dead man in my bower
And I wish he were away.

and :

God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding-sheet !

and :

Mony a one for him makes mane
But nane sall ken whar he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.

The finest lines in ballad poetry have this point and directness; all that is most beautiful in it is achieved by this bold economy of diction. It is equal to all occasions. We have seen how effective it is in dramatic dialogue :

"O Earl Bran', I see your heart's bloud !"
—"It's na but the glent of my scarlet hood."

Elsewhere it can concentrate into a line or two all the strange romance of faerie :

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded rivers abune the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

Or its tones may be grim and weird and unearthly :

For the wee worms are my bedfellows,
An' cauld clay is my sheets;
An' when the stormy winds do blow,
My body lies and sleeps;

and :

The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
'Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

Figurative language is practically unknown to the ballads; yet how vivid and imaginative are their pictures ! They can sometimes accomplish by sheer simplicity and strength of phrase almost as much as metaphor and imagery in the hands of the great poets.

It is this characteristic language which more than anything else gives the ballads their "poetic style."

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

We cannot very well discuss their rhymes or rhythms, or such technical matters, with any seriousness. Their rhymes are sometimes mere free-and-easy assonances; their rhythm often equally careless and happy-go-lucky, but at least more pleasant in its easy variety than mere monotonous jog-trot :

O cocks are crowing on merry middle-earth,
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way.

The hardly perceptible break in the rhythm seems curiously appropriate here, as if it gave an added touch of wildness and remoteness to the verse. But although this slightly broken beat is very common in the ballads as they have come down to us, so also, of course, is a perfectly regular one. Many lines, indeed, have a charming rhythmical lilt :

O if my love were an earthly knight,
As he is an elfin gay;

and :

His mother lay owre her castle wa';
There was music and minstrels and dancing and a'.

One of the most striking examples of appropriate and dramatic rhythm is in "Little Musgrave and Lord Barnard" :

Methinks I hear the threstle cock,
Methinks I hear the jay;
Methinks I hear Lord Barnard's horn—
Away, Musgrave, away!

We can hear the horn for ourselves in the long inflections of that last line.

But we must look farther to discover the secret of the attraction of the ballads. There is, besides, something unique and entirely charming, which cannot after all be conveyed in a few quotations and which is extraordinarily difficult to describe, though no one can read them without being conscious of it. Perhaps the only word which suggests it at all is *freshness*—so far as that will cover all the simplicity, the delight in youth and colour, the occasional naïveté, the unsubtle sadness and ingenuous pathos, which together we call their "spirit." We feel it in the most trivial things; for instance, in the many small touches of rich colour and references to delicate

BALLADS

textures, introduced, apparently, entirely for their own sake. The lady's sleeve is grass-green; her hand, and her steed, milk-white; she has a Holland smock "bordered with the lawn," a "sark o' the softest silk, well wrought wi' pearls about the band," and a "mantle o' red scarlet, wi' gowden flowers and fringes fine"; she gives her love "a gay golding, wi' seven bright diamonds set therein"; the "bonny ship" has a "mast o' the beaten gold, the sails o' cramoisie"; the parrot's cage, too, is "o' the beaten gold, and the spokes of ivorie"; and so on—everywhere a delight in richness and colour and beauty, becoming in a sense traditional, so that some of these phrases constantly recur.

Again, though Nature is never more than a conventional background, sometimes only a faintly suggested one, yet it often forms part of this freshness and simplicity:

O sleep ye, wake ye, Lillie Flower?
The red sun's on the rain;

The same indefinable quality is also apparent in the rare incidental humour, naïve and elementary as that is, as when Little Musgrave goes to Mass:

But he had more mind of the fair women
Than he had of Our Lady's grace;

or the Duke entertains (with "three baked stags and the Rhenish wine") the supposed Lord of Lorn:

If he had wist him the false steward,
With the devil he'd bade him dine.

The conclusion of "Rose the Red and White Lily" is typical, plain ballad humour:

Then out it spak' her Rose the Red,
And a hearty laugh laugh'd she;
"I wonder what would our step-dame say,
Gin she this sight did see!"

Equally light and fresh, for the most part, is something much more essential—the love spirit, which is never deeply psychological, hardly at all subjective, yet often tender and beautiful, and always above all utterly unsophisticated;

An' he has gane to his lady dear,
I wat he kiss'd her cheek and chin—
"Thou art mine ain, I have bought thee dear,
An' now we will walk the woods our lane."

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

There is hardly anything more subtle than this in all the love-stories of the ballads. Love is so charmingly simple and straightforward in them; none of the introspection here, the subtleties of dissection and analysis with which we are so familiar in modern literature.

Yet, refreshing as all this is, poetry so impersonal and objective as that of the ballads must have its spiritual limitations. No one, indeed, goes to them for passion, depth, emotional intensity, insight into human life and character; the "high seriousness" is lacking in them, and because of this they cannot move us as the greatest poetry moves us. Thus, their sadness seldom rises to the heights of tragedy; yet, like everything else about them, it is simple, genuine, entirely unaffected. Sometimes it is mere naïve pathos, as in "Fair Margaret and Sweet William":

Fair Margaret died on the over night,
Sweet William died on the morrow:
Fair Margaret died for pure, pure love,
Sweet William died for sorrow.

More often, it is really touching and sincere, as when Childe Maurice is slain:

And she has taken her Childe Maurice,
And kiss'd him, mouth and chin:
"O better I love my Childe Maurice
Than all my royal kin!"

Still more subjective, lying a little nearer to the tragic, is the conclusion of "Marie Hamilton":

O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to die!

Or this from "Young Waters":

Aft have I ridden through Stirling town,
In the wind but and the weet;
But I neir rode through Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.

And, perhaps because of their sudden startling quality of pure poetry, the two finest lines in "Clerk Saunders":

And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

BALLADS

The beautiful "Lament" in an obviously later ballad, "Jamie Douglas," is more lyrical still :

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case of gowd,
And seal'd it wi' a siller pin.

And O ! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me !

In spirit and execution, this is very different from earlier ballads; some of them seem rough and careless beside it. Yet the most impressive is one in which the tragedy is far darker and deeper—"Edward, Edward," that triumph of the ballad genius for dramatic dialogue. Every line is weighted with sadness, and tells of nothing but lost happiness and beauty, until the passion and despair of the conclusion :

The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
Mither, mither;
The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
Sic counsels ye gave to me-o !

We may well leave the ballads with the sound of this one in our ears. It is too fine a specimen to be entirely typical; but it shows to what heights their art could reach. And all of them, even the sketchiest and most imperfect, have a quality which perhaps appeals the more vividly to us because we have lost now and shall not recapture the spirit which produced it. For better or worse, we think too much, about our emotions and about our art, to create poetry so fresh and spontaneous and impersonal as that of the ballads. But we have still the capacity to enjoy them; and we still turn to them to forget theories and philosophies for a time, while we

hear an elf-knight his horn blowing
The first morning in May.

The Gamellan

By Hubert S. Banner, F.R.G.S.

"And Jacob did separate the lambs, and set the faces of the flocks towards the ringstraked, and all the brown in the flock of Laban. And . . . laid the rods before the eyes of the cattle . . . that they might conceive among the rods."—*Genesis xxx, 40-41.*

STRICTLY speaking, I suppose, this story of the Thing which happened to my friends, the Warringhams, begins with Bernard's bringing home the *gamellan* as a birthday present for Laura. Yet I cannot forbear to start it with a night some weeks earlier, the night I came to stay with the couple on my arrival home from the East. It seems to break the difficult ground somehow.

"My friends, the Warringhams," I find I have written. But actually it was Bernard who was my friend; in point of fact, this was my first introduction to Laura. Naturally enough, I was itching with curiosity to discover what manner of woman could have broken down the "impregnable" ramparts of bachelordom of which my old friend had so often boasted. But when I met her, surprise vanished, gave way to disapproval. Not disapproval of *her*, mind you; disapproval of Bernard, who had dared to snatch up this young thing and clang the bolts of his cramped middle-age upon her, when she should be romping in life's meadows with the other babies.

Poor child! She sensed disapproval, and thought herself its object. There was even a hint of defiance in her bearing. She handed me my tea with a pert little flourish which said quite plainly: "There! Do you think I don't know how to pour out tea?" And as she cut the cake she looked at me over its iced crown and said, "*I made this!*" as though challenging me to frame the dastardly charge of incompetence.

Old Bernard just sat and grinned fatuously.

"I've read all your books about the East," Laura told me presently. Another tentative little bid for approval, I decided, pitying her if the statement were true. "She's convinced I think her a silly kid," I said to myself.

THE GAMELLAN

However, as it turned out, I was wrong. She was preparing the ground for something quite different. After dinner she returned to the subject of my books, and then came out with a statement which first astonished, then enlightened me.

"They interested me specially," she said, "because up to a couple of generations ago my family was always in the East—Java. Didn't Bernard tell you we were Dutch originally? No? Oh, yes. But my family was *real* Dutch. It never allowed a strain of native blood to creep in, you know, as most of those old Java families did."

So this was the explanation of that little attitude of defiance! Knowing me, from my writings, to be something of a fanatic on the colour-question, the poor child was afraid I would be suspecting her of *that*. Nothing had been farther from my thoughts.

Later on she played for us, and played really well. She began with two or three of Liszt's "Rhapsodies." I remember that the Eleventh, my best-loved one, was among them. Then, seeing that I was genuinely appreciative, she took a heap of music on her lap and asked me to choose. I picked the "Prelude in C Minor." It would be interesting to see what she made of that grand piece which every ivory-thumper attempts and so few succeed in interpreting.

She played it with splendid technique. And that was all you could say of her performance. When the last notes died into their haunted after-silence, I thanked her politely. I was disappointed. Bernard clapped and said:

"Magnificent, darling! A rather fine thing, that! What did you say its name was?"

That stung me. It was not fair that Laura should be permitted to go on playing the Prelude as a "rather fine thing." She ought to have a chance to play it for the horrifying tragedy it is.

"I always get a feeling," Laura said, "that it's intended to describe some—some awful experience. Have you ever had that feeling?"

Ah! She didn't know, then.

"It describes a man coming to life in his coffin," I told her.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

"Oh!" she gasped. That was all, but she sat for a full minute with parted lips, her breast heaving with quickening agitation.

"I must play it again," she said.

And play it again she did. This time it meant something. It meant everything. The massed fears of the whole world since first terror breathed filled the commonplace drawing-room in the slow, crashing chords of the opening movement. As the measure hurried into its agitated chromatics, frenzied, hysterical panic mounted up and up till it seemed the very peak of horror was scaled. Then, exhausted nature overcoming nervous energy, came the slowing down into the last spasmodic struggles.

Laura gave a queer little sigh and slithered sideways to the floor.

We picked her up and laid her on a divan. Bernard rang the bell and gave frantic orders for restoratives while he chafed her hands. I stood feeling rather a fool. This, in a way, was my fault.

"Too vivid an imagination," I said.

"Yes, yes, I dare say," Bernard agreed worriedly, "but . . . just at present, especially, you know . . . Dr. Pritchard particularly said she was to avoid excitement. Good heavens! I wouldn't have had this happen for worlds."

So. Certainly that explained matters somewhat. But, fortunately, it was not a serious faint. In a couple more minutes Laura's eyes had opened and she was apologizing for her "silliness."

But I was thinking about something else. The divan was heaped with brilliantly coloured cushions. Against that barbaric background I suddenly saw Laura with new eyes. Something that was only just there, a vague something in the structure of her face, was now so apparent that I could scarcely believe I had not noticed it earlier. I knew now why she had been on the defensive, why she had so gratuitously volunteered me the information about her family. She had gone out of her way to tell me all that for the very simple reason that it was a deliberate falsehood.

My inclination, after making that discovery, was to see as little as possible of Laura. I felt that she had of

THE GAMELLAN

set purpose done the unforgivable thing to my friend. True, the taint was so very slight after those generations that one might say it had, to all purposes, disappeared. But I could not forgive the deliberation of her lie about it. Yet I accepted the invitation to come and stay again for her birthday. I don't know why.

Bernard gave the *gamellan* to Laura as a birthday "surprise," and kept up the mystery to the last moment. He would not tell her, while the workmen were opening the case, what was inside. But when the thing was lifted out of its straw and placed on the carpet, she paid my books the compliment of recognizing it from an illustration.

"Why, it's a Javanese musical instrument!" she exclaimed.

I was familiar with *gamellans*, of course. But I had never seen one to equal this. You must picture a long, horizontal framework of wood with ends curling upward and outward like the arms of a Chesterfield, supporting a double row of brass gongs laid surface uppermost. The woodwork was exquisitely carved with beasts, birds, trees, and flowers in full relief, with traces here and there of ancient gilding. From the nomenclature of every gong a close line of graven Sanskrit characters spiralled over the whole surface down to the lower edge.

Laura picked up a padded mallet and struck a tentative note. The gong gave forth a mellow, sonorous "dong" that hung quivering for several seconds, and I noticed a glass on a cabinet still vibrating a full half-minute after the note had died. The tone was infinitely superior to anything in my experience; it held a resonant timbre not to be described, a sort of paradoxical combination of solemn doom and unearthly beauty.

Bernard had "picked up" the *gamellan* in a curiosity shop, feeling sure it would make an appeal to Laura's taste for the bizarre. The shopman had been unable to tell him any more of its history than was contained in an ancient museum label attached to one corner.

"Taken," it read, "by Ensign Douglas Barton of the 78th Highland Regiment, in the Assault upon the Palace of Yugya Kerta, 18th June, 1812."

They asked me a host of questions about *gamellans*, and about this one in especial. And they were mightily

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

intrigued when I stated my conviction that this could be no other than an instrument from the legendary orchestra of wicked old Sultan Ha Mangku Rat the First of Matáram.

"I'll translate the inscription on the gongs," I volunteered, "if you'll give me time."

"Oh, do!" begged Laura. "Was he so very wicked, then; this old sultan what's-his-name?"

"Perhaps; it's a matter of opinion," I said. "But when his queen died, he had a hundred of her attendants imprisoned in a dungeon and starved to death."

"Wicked enough," Bernard commented.

"What sort of tunes do they play?" asked Laura.

"Very peculiar ones, to Western ears," I answered. "This kind of thing."

And I gave the best imitation I could of the eerie Javanese music, with its incomplete scale and unsatisfying non-tonic terminations.

"You must remember this is only one instrument," I apologized, "so you get a very poor idea of the effect of a whole orchestra. You want the viol squealing and the drums throbbing and pounding."

"Oh, but it was quite enough for me," said Laura. "I could imagine the rest, and I remembered what I'd been reading about the dancing. All the time you played there was such a wonderful moving picture passing before my mind of the dancing-girls stepping and posturing, just as you've described them. I could even hear the people clapping their hands in time with the music. Bernard, darling, I haven't thanked you properly yet. I think it's perfectly lovely."

"It'll make a nice ornament," Bernard said, smiling happily at the sight of her pleasure. "We'll put it on a tiger-skin rug, eh?"

Laura fell again to examining the lovely thing, feasting her eyes delightedly on the queer birds and beasts and their background of delicate tracery and foliation.

Suddenly she looked up at me with a queer little frown.

"Do the notes of this thing have any particular effect on you—a peculiar effect, I mean?" she asked.

I hesitated.

"Well, yes," I said, after a pause. "I get the same

THE GAMELLAN

sort of feeling as when I hear the *Miserere*, for instance. I can't describe it, but there it is."

She reflected for a few moments, still with her brows drawn together in that little frown.

"No," she said, "that isn't what I feel at all. I know that *Miserere* sensation. This is something quite different. It takes me by the throat, like this, look"—and she clasped her neck with her two hands—"and forces me to try and understand something that keeps just eluding me. But how silly you must think me for talking like this!"

"I don't," I assured her. "But I do think you let your imagination run away with you too much. You're not so strong, you know."

She pouted and changed the subject.

"Well, I hope the translation won't take you a dreadfully long time," she said. "I'm dying to know what the inscription's all about."

"No longer than I can help," I told her.

Actually it took me the best part of three days. The thing was written in the old Kawi language.

"Well, I was right," I said, when at last I produced my manuscript. "This *gamellan* of yours did once form part of Ha Mangku Rat's orchestra. And the inscription's nothing more than a blessing, inscribed by the orders of the old man himself. You've stumbled on a treasure, Bernard. I congratulate you."

"Let's hear it," Laura begged.

I began to read; she listening with parted lips and a rapt gleam in her eyes. When I had finished she made me read it all over again. And then I must give her the paper to keep. I was rather glad; for the blessing written down there really was a thing of beauty. The Sultan, it seemed, in thanksgiving that a long-desired son was born to him, had commanded it to be carved on the gongs, to the end that for ever and ever thereafter any woman come to her time who should hear its note should bring her man the selfsame happiness.

"What a beautiful idea!" Laura exclaimed with shining eyes. "Can't you see him calling all his courtiers into the audience hall—imagine the barbaric splendour, the gold and jewels and glittering swords—and then sending for the humble craftsman and ordering him, in

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

that calm, large-handed way, to bless the whole world? Oh, he can't have been so dreadfully wicked, after all, to have such a lovely thought!"

That night Bernard came into my room when I was preparing for bed.

"How queer women get at—at this particular time," he said in a rather embarrassed tone. "You'd never guess what Laura has just been saying to me. She read that translation of yours through again, and then she said: 'Somehow I feel ever so much braver after hearing this blessing, Bernard. Do you think you could persuade Dr. Pritchard to let me hear the *gamellan* played a little—ever so softly, of course—when the time comes? If it's dreadfully hard to bear, I think that would help me.' What do you think of that, now?"

"Pritchard will refuse, naturally," I answered.

And, of course, Dr. Pritchard did refuse. I was there when Bernard, in a shamefaced sort of way, made the suggestion. For Bernard had insisted on my coming to keep him company. He said he would go mad if he had to wait all by himself.

But later on in the night Pritchard was not quite so sure, after all. He came into the study looking a trifle perplexed.

"No cause for anxiety, my dear fellow," he said in answer to Bernard's piteous questioning; "just a shade delirious, you know, but nothing out of the common. Said one rather peculiar thing, though, a few minutes ago. Nurse was out of the room, and I happened to want her. So I said: 'Where is she?' Just like that, you know. And Mrs. Warringham actually said: 'Out there with the monkeys, as usual, I suppose!' What do you think of that, Warringham? Monkeys, eh?"

At the moment this struck no responsive chord in my mind. But later I remembered it and cursed myself for a fool.

For a minute or so Pritchard stood buried in thought, then turned abruptly to Bernard.

"Look here," he said, "it's altogether unconventional, but I'll let you follow out that idea of yours, as she asked for it so particularly. May lead her mind away from monkeys and so forth. Don't want her thinking about damn monkeys or anything of that sort. So go and

THE GAMELLAN

play your—whatever the thing's outlandish name is. But very, very softly, mind, and be ready to stop the instant I tell you."

He left the room. Bernard and I went into the drawing-room and waited till we heard the door upstairs softly closed. Then I sat down on a cushion before the great, gilded, beautiful *gamellan* and picked up the mallets. Very gently I began to tap the big gongs.

Then: "Oh, my God! Laura!" Bernard suddenly groaned.

Through and above the sweet, mellow cadence a dreadful voice floated down from the upper floor, a voice wailing from pitch to pitch of mortal agony.

I took the stairs three at a time, Bernard stumbling and gasping behind me. On the landing Pritchard met us. He was wiping sweat from his face.

"She's perfectly all right," he told Bernard. "Do go downstairs, like a good fellow, and wait. It's all over now. I'll be with you presently. Yes, yes; a boy."

Bernard went stumbling down the stairs. Pritchard turned a ghastly face to me.

"Think she'll pull through," he said, "but the baby's dead. Can you tell him? He's your friend, isn't he? But—there are things I don't understand—don't understand at all."

He passed his hand in a dazed sort of way across his eyes. Hard-headed and practical though he might be, he was clearly very shaken.

"Nurse found her clutching this in her hand, too," he said, suddenly thrusting a rumpled sheet of paper into my hand. "Don't know what it is. Some manuscript. No business to be there, anyway. Don't say anything to Warringham. Tell him myself presently. My job, you know. Go down and keep him company. Join you in a few minutes."

He turned and re-entered the bedroom.

The paper in my hand was the real translation of the inscription on the *gamellan*. Yes, I mean it. The blessing I had written down for Laura had been all my own invention. Here is the true message of the characters:

By royal command of Ha Mangku Rat, by favour of Allah Susuhunan of Mataram, I, Jongrowonoso, most humble of his servants,

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

do hereby give all the world to know that the voice of this, the Great Gamellan of the Royal Band, shall be from this day forth a bitter curse upon mankind. And the cause wherefor our Great One doth this curse pronounce is as thus. Know that it was for a grievous trouble to our Great One that never yet had he begotten him a son to carry on his dynasty, that it might continue to shed its heavenly brightness on the ages and not perish; and two queens in turn had departed in disgrace from the light of his countenance to sit and labour with the hags. And one of these, the woman that had been the queen called Sukidorini, was consumed with hatred for the new queen Ratu Pamalang, who basked in the favour of our Great One, her erstwhile lord. And the heart of Sukidorini was as glowing charcoal. And upon the day our Great One gave to us the blessed tidings that a royal child was conceived, and when the Wise Ones had read the signs and had declared that of certainty a son should be born, the heart of the people was beyond measure glad, but madness did descend upon Sukidorini, and the light of her soul was eclipsed, so that she spake thenceforth with the tongue of a beast, and the apes at the bathing-pool were her companions. And when the time was come that the Queen should be delivered, the word of our Great One went forth that a profound silence be kept within the palace and in all the region of the palace, nay, in the whole city, and whosoever should break the Great One's silence, death should be his portion. But Sukidorini came privily within the palace and sat herself before the Great Gamellan ere any could stay her, and with the strength of an hundred strong men smote she the Great Gamellan thrice. And on that moment was our Great One's man-child born, but life was quenched in him. And at our Great One's behest was Sukidorini brought even into the bedchamber of the Queen, and there slain with swords and with spears. And beholding this killing, the Queen also died. And because of these things hath our Great One commanded me, his servant, that I do write the tale here upon the Great Gamellan, the engine of his sorrow, and likewise his great curse, yea, that from this day on if the Great Gamellan shall sound its voice within the hearing of any woman brought to childbed, cursed shall she be in body and in soul, cursed her man, cursed her child, cursed her whole house. Thus hath our Great One spoken, and I, his servant, have written it. So be it then for evermore.

After many anxious days Laura was brought back from the valley of the shadow. She never saw her baby, nor was it shown to Bernard. And Bernard never saw the true translation either. And so it comes about that there are among three people two secrets, each only shared by two. Only Laura and I know the real story of the *gamellan*—and I do not know to this day how she came into possession of that paper I believed so studiously hidden. And only Dr. Pritchard and I know that Laura's little son was as brown as a coffee berry.

“Nozze d’Argento”

A Silver Wedding in Tuscany

By L. Eaton Smith

THE owners of an Italian estate were celebrating their silver wedding. Although the happy *coniugi* were British, to whom the *fattoria* had come by the workings of heredity, there was nothing in the public rejoicings—except possibly the wedding-cake from home—to mark the fact, or to interfere with the thoroughly Italian character of the festivities.

Officially these festivities began with the dinner at mid-day to eighty of the *contadini* and estate staff. Actually, this was the culmination of endless preparations and untiring planning, for Florence, the main base of supplies, was 40 miles away, and the rail-head at Castelfiorentino 13 miles. Even the newly-arrived visitor, whose business it was to keep out of the way as much as possible, except when doing any little job allotted to him, could feel the thrill of preparation. He only heard rumours of the great doings in the *fattoria* kitchen upstairs. But in the vast bakehouse on the lower terrace (where two hundredweight of bread had been baked on the previous day) he was allowed a glimpse of scores of pigeons cooking under the eye of an under-factor, who was rendered almost completely unintelligible by agitation and a defective palate.

This broad terrace, partly paved and partly gravel, was to be later the dancing floor. From its low parapet the eye ranged over the palmettos of the lower garden, down the wide slope of olive trees and yellowing corn, and up the curiously-folded volcanic hills opposite, half wooded with oak scrub, half brown and bare, to the towers of Volterra, crowning their long breezy ridge, and far south to the many ranges of the Tuscan hills.

But on this particular June morning this marvellous setting could receive but scant attention, for interest

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

centred in the buildings that close the terrace to the west. Here was the little *vasaria*, a sort of garden room, where were set out for the entertainment later of the elect the wedding-cake from home and the ice-buckets of Italian champagne. Next door was the big vaulted room where the ox-carts shelter as they wait their turn to discharge into the press their barrels of grapes at the time of vintage.

Today it was swept and garnished, made green with geraniums and tall bamboos and filled with long trestle forms and tables, the work of the estate carpenters. On the wall were the English and Italian flags, and largely-written bills of fare. On the long white tables were big pots of red poppies, white daisies and green oats—the national colours. Presiding over the final arrangements was Maria Barbetti, who keeps the hotel of Castello and is an ancient ally of the family. Assured of the perfection of her plans, her only care remaining was to see that a sufficient number of flasks of water should flank the flasks of wine set down the tables, "lest something inconvenient should occur."

These frugal Tuscan peasants taste meat at most not more than once a week, so that a feast is still a feast to them. They would find ridiculous the conventional report of a public dinner which makes no mention of the food and devotes columns to the speeches. So it is only reasonable to record the menu. It consisted of soup with macaroni, boiled beef garnished with green vegetables, roast pigeons with potatoes, cheese with raw broad beans, eaten pods and all, cake with glasses of *Vino Santo*—as a dessert wine—and coffee. To the consumption of this two hours were allotted, for there would be no shyness in asking for a second or even a third helping of any or every course.

And now, well before the hour of noon, two groups begin to form on the terrace. In one are the women, nearly all in black gowns with black handkerchiefs over their heads—their best, but most unfestive-looking, attire. In the other are the men, soberly though not quite so mournfully dressed, all in soft felt hats, clean shirts and no collars. Except for two or three boys who, according to their kind, have somehow made good a claim to be present where eating is to be done, the guests

"NOZZE D'ARGENTO"

are no longer young. It was impossible to invite more than two from each farm, but the young ones will come on later to the dancing. The men are weather-beaten and grizzled, the women, in the oval framing of their kerchiefs, have many of them a placid beauty that seems more the result of character than of feature, or perhaps of the age-long traditions of this classic countryside.

Serafina, with the broad, half-toothless smile, and her little old husband with the whimsical eyes and bad sciatica live on a tiny pension in an old tower a mile away. It was once a little castle, and in its massive walls five small rooms are piled one on another like boxes. As she takes a visitor up the narrow stone stairs to see the marvellous view, she will pause in one room nearly filled by a great bed, with a wreath on the wall above the pillow. With her eyes full of tears and patting the high-piled mattresses she will tell how her son died here after the war. Today she has brought some eggs as an offering of affection to the Padrona and explains that to her great regret she had no hen fit to bring. She and her old husband have in fact just four hens.

Gigi, the pensioned keeper-forester, with the outward-curling mass of strong grey beard, laments that his leg no longer lets him walk the hill as of old. However, he has a vigorous young successor, said to be a great breaker of hearts. Nello, the young gardener, who dines *ex officio* in spite of his youth, is now busy with much fetching and carrying. Later he may be seen employing his astonishing eyes in a desperate flirtation, rendered not less delightful for both parties by the fact that it is carried on in the face of his legitimate sweetheart. But then she has been seen openly dancing, perhaps too often, in other arms. This, however, is anticipating, as the novelists say. At present the arrival of Annunziata is the great event. This is the wife of Cappelli, the estate engineer, who by length of service takes rank as spokesman of the personnel, though officially inferior to the little factor with the fierce moustaches and contradictorily gentle eyes. Cappelli, with his solid round head and solid round body, envelops his wife with a wealth of smiling and explosive tenderness. She, years older than her husband, is really in the early eighties but looks incredibly aged. When she has been

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

gently placed in a chair, she surveys the world with ancient eyes full of hopeless despair. But one thinks she is not quite indifferent to the fact that her black dress is of silk—she will be buried in it when the time comes—and that the Padrona herself is sitting beside her, holding one of her gnarled hands and petting her with gracious kindness.

To give to this time of waiting the traditional name of a *mauvais quart d'heure* would be inexact, both because it has already run to twice that length of time, and also because these folks will go on talking with great pleasure for hours on end. But at last, from the cypresses of the avenue comes the sound of singing, and a little group of children appears, headed by the Italian flag, their right arms extended in the old Roman salute. They are escorted by the school-mistress, smartly dressed and wearing a hat—a great mark of social consequence—smiling and plump, but for all that a light-toed dancer, as she will afterwards demonstrate. A small girl presents a bouquet and is rewarded with a kiss, a boy recites an appropriate speech. He is not without a sense of the responsibility he bears, but he is not breathless like most schoolboy orators the world over. His large dark eyes are untroubled, and the beautiful Tuscan vowels and consonants roll out congratulations on the silver wedding and good wishes for the golden wedding (these by the end of the afternoon will have become classic)—“when we, the children of the *fattoria*, shall be, we pray, strong men and wise, or fruitful mothers of children.”

Now, at last, the guests troop into the dining-hall, the two groups mingling and shaking down into their places, and after a few words of welcome from the Padrone the dinner begins. If the service is at first a little feverish and some soup from the well-filled plates slops over on to shoulders or forms, no one is disposed to be critical. The elect withdraw to the *vasaria* to sample the wedding-cake and to drink the first toast in Cinzano—an excellent sparkling wine, if patriotism were content not to claim it as equal to the best French champagne. With a dramatic gesture the local priest then tears the wrappings from an alabaster lamp of Volterra workmanship, a present from the staff. He is a tall and burly man, with a freckled face, and some archæological attainments. The sermons

"NOZZE D'ARGENTO"

he preaches in the little chapel embedded in the great mass of the *fattoria* buildings are of considerable eloquence and much practical instruction.

It must have been nearly the two full hours later when a rising sound of chatter told that the solid business of the feast was over and that the time for speech-making had arrived. So the Padrone and his wife came back on to the little platform in the dining-hall amid shouts of welcome and applause. To the priest's well-turned and practised phrases Cappelli's oratory succeeded. He felt so deeply what he had to say that it seemed as though he would have been literally choked by his words if he had not helped them out with gestures which were almost violently gymnastic, and which would have been absurd except for his obvious sincerity. He feared he would not see the golden wedding, but he nevertheless showered congratulations on that event in anticipation. When the toast had been drunk with great enthusiasm the Padrone returned thanks, and the spirit and sincerity that marked these speeches on both sides offered the best assurance that the estate will still be in the future, as in the past, a pleasant human dwelling-place for all concerned.

Finally the women were given little silver boxes full of silvery sweets and the men cigars or cigarettes. The choice between the two latter seemed to be exactly a matter of age. And so out into the fresh air, by this time no idle need.

Then on with the dance, and although it may not seem easy to chase the glowing hours with flying feet, when the feet are shod with heavy boots and the dancing-floor is a rough stone pavement, yet it is wonderful what enthusiasm can effect. The band consisted of a comfortably portly man with the rather blasé expression of one who has assisted professionally at innumerable merry-makings. (Perhaps this was partly assumed, for later under the cover of darkness he was to be heard quavering in broad dialect songs that raised uncontrolled laughter from a dimly-seen circle and gurgles of delighted horror from concealed maids at upper windows. It was at that late hour, too, that the under-factor sang a real improvisation with long roulades to make the words

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

and rhyme fit with the music.) From a vast sort of concertina his nimble fingers drew deep harmonies and excellent rhythm. And all the world danced. Not only did slim young men dance with sleek-haired girls, or failing them with one another, with admirable poise and sophisticated steps, but sturdy matrons with grey hair or jolly broad faces burnt deep brown by years of weather danced with staid and grizzled farmers, and danced well, if by the light of nature. Some men, indeed, danced together who looked like tired boxers revolving in a clinch. But at least all were happy and very few were shy.

At intervals during the dancing, which continued till evening, there were games or sports. In one of these a tall pole was set up, stayed by four soaped ropes, and the problem was to swarm up a rope and remove the flag from the top of the pole. Many boys and young men started hopefully, climbed nimbly, were stalled as the angle became more acute, paused, struggled and slid to earth. One, and he not the youngest nor the lightest, captured the flag.

In another event a large crock full of water was hung from a cord about ten feet from the ground. The competitor was armed with a long pole, blindfolded, and set some distance away. His task was to walk up and smite the crock with the pole, for which success, even if he received a ducking, he would also receive a prize. No one hit the crock fair and square, though one man cracked it. But the delight was immense and never-failing as each aspirant strayed wildly in the wrong direction, cautiously retraced his steps, steadied himself with infinite precaution, and finally, after a breath-catching pause, made a wild sweep at the empty air and nearly over-balanced on to his nose.

The women ran a race in which each carried a pot full of water on her head. Their progress, which was head-long and quite incautious, was marked by the crash of broken pottery and shrieks of laughter. Two reached the goal drenched but undaunted, but of these one rendered herself liable to be disqualified for steadying her pot with her hand.

At last, when evening was almost come, the guests

"NOZZE D'ARGENTO"

began to melt away, and in little groups to go to their red-roofed farms, some down through the wheat and poppies and cornflowers, some up under the young green leaves of the oaks where the birds still sang, past the flaming broom and tall pink campanula, the honeysuckle and the mauve and white rock-roses. But the last and most beautiful phase of the *festa* was still to come. Just after nine o'clock we went out on the upper terrace above the *vasaria*. In spite of the new moon, and of Jupiter brilliant beside her, the night was dark. Then from every farm on the hillside and in the valley sprang up bonfires. They glowed and leapt and flickered like gigantic editions of the fireflies in the garden. The rockets from the terrace held their unfailing exhilarating appeal. Volterra and its smaller neighbours twinkled on their hills with the mystery and fascination that such lights always have when seen across wide distances. But the score of bonfires spread all over the wide prospect had a beauty that exceeded that of the rockets and the far town lights.

Perhaps this was enhanced by the rarity of the sight, perhaps by the knowledge of its transitoriness. But if the actual picture faded swiftly, it left a most abiding memory, a quiet and lovely ending to a day of honest happiness and country mirth.

In the Track of the Exodus

By Peregrine Pickle

It is becoming increasingly more difficult to travel well than to arrive. The motor-car is the great leveller of places. It has invaded the most secluded regions; it has made the desert noisy as the road; and it is pushing its way irresistibly to the most sacred of mountains. A motor road, or at least a track passable by motors, now runs from Suez to Mount Sinai; so we must expect that a week-end at the monastery of St. Catherine will become a regular appendage of a winter in Egypt for the more ambitious tourist.

Fortunately, when we decided to visit Mount Sinai from Jerusalem, we were informed that the track from Suez by car was impassable after the heavy rains, and we determined to make the journey by the method in which it has been made for thousands of years, by camel caravan. The ordinary route of visitors from Egypt to the monastery is to proceed by boat from Suez to Tor on the Red Sea, which is distant three days' easy camel-stages from the monastery. We were to take a more ancient way, and—reversing the course of the Exodus—to trek over the centre of the Peninsula of Sinai, across the desert of the wanderings of the Children of Israel. Some of the distinguished travellers who have written of Sinai, among them Dean Stanley and Pierre Loti, have described glowingly the land route that runs south down the western side of the peninsula from Suez, and then north up the eastern side to Akaba; but there is no modern record of the journey through the heart of the limestone desert, although it is well known to the officials of the Sinai Administration.

The first stages from Jerusalem we made by the banal motor-car through Beersheba to Kossaima, and thence through Kuntilla, a frontier outpost of Egypt, to Bir-El-Themed, a station on the old pilgrim route that runs

IN THE TRACK OF THE EXODUS

from Suez to Akaba. From Jerusalem to Kossaima we were passing along the great historic way between Asia and Africa, known as the Darb-El-Shur, the way by which the patriarchs moved from Canaan to Egypt, the Egyptian armies went out to meet Hittites, Syrians, and Babylonians, and the Ptolemies marched against the Seleucids. When the Roman conqueror brought the whole of the East under his sway, with his splendid consolidating genius he turned the road into a continuous line of fortified outposts. Towns grew up in what had been a wilderness and a desert. To the south of Beersheba, Khalassa, Asluj, Esbeita, Birein, and Kossaima, which are to-day mere names on the map or the sites of some police post or poor village, were in the early centuries of the Christian era cities with important monasteries and populations of thousands; and the relics of the churches and monasteries may still be traced in or amid the squalid huts of the present settlers. The story of those places has been written by Colonel Lawrence and Mr. Woolley in their book, "The Wilderness of Zin," published by the Palestine Exploration Fund in 1915. The future leader of the Arab campaign and the future excavator of Ur of the Chaldees spent some months in the winter immediately preceding the outbreak of the war in studying the remains of Byzantine civilization in the country in which the Children of Israel had sojourned for forty years, and in studying also to good purpose the life of the modern tribes that wander in the region.

After the first winter rain it is difficult to believe that this spacious part of Palestine, which stretches south of Beersheba for some sixty miles, should be derelict. The strip of herbage "which just divides the desert from the sown" is then so green and alluring that one can imagine it turned into fruitful pastures or cultivation, and bearing again a settled and industrious population. One place which we passed on the way bears testimony, indeed, to a striking effort of the Turkish Government in that direction. It is the ruin of Auja-Hafir, where, imposed upon the customary Byzantine relics, a modern city stands, with a regular town plan, with large railway buildings, with a market, a public garden, and a monumental column, with shops and Government buildings, a hospital,

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

and a school. All is gaunt and derelict, and nearly all the buildings are roofless. One single Bedouin appeared as we lunched in the treeless garden. Yet here, before the war, the Turks had sought to establish a centre of local government, and here, during the war, they settled their headquarters of the army of invasion of Egypt, which made the extraordinary incursions upon the Suez Canal in 1915 and 1916. A railway was laid from Beersheba through Auja to the Egyptian frontier and beyond; and while the rails within Palestine have now been removed and put to other uses, the embankment and the bridges, half-destroyed by British bombers, still bear witness to that desperate enterprise, and on the Egyptian side of the frontier the line itself still stands, leading nowhere.

At Kossaima we found further evidence of that outburst of Ottoman energy which, with German method to guide it, sought to harness the desert to civilization more thoroughly than any effort made since the decay of the Byzantine Empire. The police post and the guest-house, in which we were lodged, were substantial buildings, erected by that same army of invasion whose deeds were recorded on the monumental pillar in the garden of Auja. Kossaima is a fruitful oasis; for a pellucid spring bursts out there, and its waters are led away to irrigate a garden of palms and a forest plantation. Lawrence and Woolley identify it with the "Kadesh-Barnea," where the Children of Israel rebelled against Moses, and around which the generation which came out of Egypt was condemned to stay till it had passed away. Some few miles, indeed, from Kossaima there is another spring, still known as Ain Kades, which older scholars, encouraged by the name, have declared to be the Kadesh of the Bible; but that spring is small, and the region around it is, almost immediately, arid and hopeless desert, while near Kossaima are other copious wells and springs. Of the making of Biblical identifications there is no end and little profit; but while certainty cannot be established, it is likely that the whole region around these springs was the place of the forty years' sojourn; and there are scholars and critics who would even place Mount Horeb and the revelation of Sinai on the low desert hills in this neighbourhood.

IN THE TRACK OF THE EXODUS

At Kossaima we left the Darb-El-Shur that runs on to Suez, and, turning eastward, passed along a stony plateau through country that became more utterly desert to the outpost of Kuntilla. From the crest of the hills the mountains of Moab and Midian stood out on the other side of the Gulf of Akaba through the purple haze that always covers the bastion of Arabia. Had we continued the track to the east some twenty miles, we should have come to the edge of a cliff which overlooks the gulf, and could have descended the rocky way to the port of Akaba, where King Solomon's fleet had its station, and where, till the Middle Ages—till, indeed, Vasco da Gama had discovered the sea route to India—there was a centre of commerce between the East and the West. But our road lay south and inland to Themed, where we found the camels that had come from El Arish to carry us on to southern Sinai.

For four and a-half days we trekked through the desert, travelling about twenty-three miles a day at a pace that never exceeded three miles an hour, save when we got off our camels and walked. After the first dozen miles across the flat desert we were proceeding through "wadis," that is, dry beds of streams, that once or twice in the year become raging torrents. The signs of a recent flood were apparent over the whole course in the wet sand and the bent scrub, but no rain came to make our way difficult. We were gradually ascending the whole time, from a level of about 2,000 feet above the sea to 5,000 feet; and, as we went, the cliffs that border the wadis became higher, and we passed from the drab limestone to sandstone, with its purple, black, and green streaks, and in the end to the deep red granite. Water was scarce, but on each day we passed one place where animals and men could drink. On the second day a spring that burst out from the mountains fed a little palm oasis hard by the grave of a venerated sheikh of the Heiwat Arabs. The tomb of Atiya is a place of pilgrimage for the Arab tribes of Sinai, and we were told that they come in their hundreds on the anniversary of his death. In the tomb-chamber there was a mass of votive offerings; and around the place slabs of stones with rough inscriptions, which the antiquarian of our party would fain have believed

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

to be ancient records, but which our more modern expert knew to be the unmeaning scratchings of the Bedouin of to-day.

On the third day we came to a larger oasis with palms and fig trees and gardens, under the impressive mass of Jebel Ahmed, a mountain of sandstone which dominated the whole landscape for over a day with its rounded dome, recalling that of the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed at Constantinople. Our camel-men, indeed, had declared insistently that it was the Mountain of Moses itself that we were approaching; but it was only the king of the sandstone range, and we were to travel two days more before we entered the region of the eternal granite.

On the fourth day we were guided by some Bedouin charcoal burners to water in a hollow of the rock at the end of the wadi Zallaka. They were almost the first human beings whom we had met since we left Themed; for the sparseness of the population in the wide spaces of the peninsula is extraordinary. The principal signs of life, indeed, are graveyards, which here and there are strewn around the tomb of a sheikh or a sacred tree, and tomb-chambers, *Nawamis*, "due," so our Sinai frontiersman said scornfully, "to ignorance," meaning that they were relics of pagan ideas. The Bedouin whom we met at this small encampment eked out a hard and bare existence by burning brushwood for charcoal and carrying it to Suez, where, after a trek of some six or seven days, they sold it for a miserable pittance.

On the fourth day, too, peaks of the granite mountains came in sight, in particular, the trident forks of Jebel Medusus; but it was on the morning of the fifth day that, having scrambled up a pass of rough boulders between the red cliffs, we suddenly debouched on a plateau and saw before us a range of rocky mountains, jagged, bare, and brilliantly coloured. It was the range of Sinai from Serbal in the north to Ras Mohamed in the south, with the sacred peaks of St. Catherine and of Moses in the centre. The range is in colour and configuration like the Dolomites; but the absence of snow on the tops and of vegetation at the base of the hills gives it a more austere and impressive grandeur. It has the naked beauty of the pristine rock untouched by geological ages as well

IN THE TRACK OF THE EXODUS

as by human civilization. The plateau to which we had come is traditionally the place where Moses pastured the flocks of his father-in-law, Jethro, in the days before he led the Children of Israel out of Egypt. We had reached the end of the uncharted part of our journey, and we were now in the midst of traditional sites, in the country described and discussed to excess by generations of Biblical scholars.

It was something of a shock when we descended from the plateau to the ravine, the Wadi El Sheikh, which leads up to the heart of the mountains, to find the fresh tracks of motor-cars that had come through from Suez. Happily no hoot of a car came to disturb the solemnity of the scene. The Wadi El Sheikh is a broad ravine ascending gradually between rocky masses on either side, that guard it like the avenue of sphinxes at the Temple of Luxor. As we progressed the mountains closed in, and the scene took on an almost dramatic and theatrical character. It was the fit setting for one of the supreme human epics.

A turn in the wadi, and we suddenly saw before us the walled enclosure of the monastery of St. Catherine and its garden of cypresses and fruit trees. Unlike the most famous Byzantine monasteries in Palestine, Mar Saba, near the Dead Sea, and the Deir Quarantal on the Mount of Temptation above Jericho, the monastery of St. Catherine is not couched in the hills, but nestles comfortably in the valley between two ranges. At a distance it looks almost commonplace, but as you approach, its embattled walls, dating from the time of Justinian, mark it as a place of historic memory.

Into the enclosure itself we were not admitted, though we bore letters from dignitaries of the Orthodox Church in Palestine. The monks declared that they were bound by a rigid rule only to admit persons recommended by the Archbishop of Sinai himself, who lives in Cairo, and never visits his diocese. They hinted also that it was customary for visitors to come on camels obtained from the branch of the monastery at Tor, and that, if we would dismiss our caravan and order another from their establishment to take us to Tor, the rigidity of the rule might be relaxed. But against this insinuation

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

on our and their integrity we were proof; and so we failed to see the famous mosaics of the Byzantine chapel, and the famous manuscripts that still remain in one of the world's most ancient libraries.

We were permitted to camp in the lee of the massive walls; and the monks let down to us from a penthouse brushwood and coke with which to make our camp fire. Of old persons were hauled by rope in and out of the monastery through this penthouse; now there is a gate, but, as we had found, a not very open gate. One consolation we had for our exclusion from the guest-rooms. We saw the full beauty of the moonlight upon the mountains, giving to them a mystical glamour as wonderful as their austerity in the light of the sun. We realized why Sinai, which means "the isle of the moon," had received that name.

On the morrow we ascended the Mountain of Moses by the 3,000 or more steps cut on the face of the rock. We had as guide one of the Jebalia Arabs, who for centuries have been the servants of the monks, and trace their descent from the original inhabitants. The stony staircase, with its constantly changing views of the mountains; the plateau of Elijah half-way, where a lone cypress tree rises in the midst of a green meadow; the vision from the summit over the whole range of Sinai and beyond, over the limestone hills of the wilderness through which we had passed, over the Mountains of Arabia In-felix bathed in golden light, and over the waters of the gulf gleaming in the sun; air of such crystal purity, and aroma of herbs of such sharp fragrance as none of us had before known—all these things made us feel that, if Jebel Moussa were not the actual, it was surely the ideal, site of the divine revelation. Fronting it on the west rises the higher peak of St. Catherine, and to the north-west the massive Serbal, which for long was venerated as the place of the Giving of the Law. But the monks have contrived to establish the tradition that the mountain above their monastery is the place; and side by side on the summit, and again within their enclosure, a chapel and a mosque bear witness to the veneration of pilgrims, Christian and Moslem, who equally honour the Hebrew lawgiver. From the mountain of revelation we

IN THE TRACK OF THE EXODUS

descended to the Mount of the Willow, Ras Safsaf, so-called because in a dell below the summit there stands a willow tree from which, it is said, Moses cut his rod. The highest peak overlooks with a sheer precipice the cup-like plain where tradition, disregarding the word of the Bible that the leader had gone three days' journey from his people's encampment, places the hosts of the Children of Israel while Moses ascended the Mount. Tradition also places on this mountain the event of the breaking of the tables of stone when Moses beheld his people worshipping the golden calf.

We returned to the monastery by the zigzags of a road constructed some sixty years ago by one of the members of the Egyptian Royal House of Mohamed Ali, who conceived the idea of placing a summer palace upon one of the highest mountains in his realm. He must have had the vigour of the Albanian founders of his line. But he was not able to complete the enterprise, and the road alone remains as his monument.

The next day we started our journey from the monastery to Tor by way of the Wadi Isla, the most romantic ravine in the peninsula. Our Jebali guide had protested that after the rains it was impassable for man or beast, and that, if we attempted it, we should have to wade through the water for three hours and would lose our baggage. Under stern cross-examination the three hours were reduced to fifteen minutes, and the baggage was retrieved. And so, in fact, it happened, though there were places in the great gorge only thirteen feet wide, and overhung by enormous cliffs where the rushing water fell in cascades over the rocks, and it seemed impossible for a caravan to pass. That hard-worked epithet "rose red" applies in simple truth to the walls of the wadi; and the colours of the cliffs are set off by the palms and tamarisks which border the gurgling stream that rushes through it. We remained in the region of the granite rock for two full days, till, with amazing suddenness, the wadi debouched through a narrow opening upon a wide, sandy plain without water, without rocks, without vegetation, without vision. We had come back to the wilderness, known here as the Kaa, which rolls flat and featureless to the sea. We had a last stage on our camels of fifteen miles across

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

this picture-book desert, having the white buildings of Tor to guide us.

At Tor we were to catch a steamship of the Khedivial Line, which would bring us to Suez; but, arrived there, we were greeted with the news that, despite the timetables and the assurances of tourist agents, the steamship had in the memory of man not been known to sail on the appointed day, and that on this occasion it was not expected to reach the port for two or three days more. We thought it might be possible to sail up the gulf in a dhow, but the wind was blowing straight from the north, and it might take four days of desperate tacking before the boat would make Suez. So we resigned ourselves to remaining in Tor till we could contrive some other means of escape.

Tor, in the Middle Ages, was a great place of commerce, because to it there came overland the caravans from India and the Middle East to embark their goods for Egypt. In those days trade followed the monks; and the road from the seashore to the monastery and then across the peninsula to the other seashore at Akaba, was one of the highways of commerce. To-day Tor for three months in the year is again a great place of commerce, because to it there come all the sea-going pilgrims from Mecca to the north. It is the site of the largest quarantine station in the world, larger than the immigrants' shelters at Ellis Island, and accommodating at need as many as 40,000 pilgrims at a time. The station is managed by the International Quarantine Board under English direction. Empty as it was when we were there—for during this last year the pilgrimage has been almost entirely cut off by the war in the Hedjaz—one could appreciate the excellence of its organization. Apart from its quarantine station, Tor has to offer to the visitor some hot springs rising in sand hills near the shore, which, like most things in this neighbourhood, bear the name and tradition of Moses. It has to offer also, a beach strewn with coral and shells, reputed sea-fishing, from which, however, we got no fish, and a drinking house, frequented by all the ruffians of the port, where we could obtain beer. The drinking house would have been a place for Conrad to write a story about. Its *habitués* played some desperate

IN THE TRACK OF THE EXODUS

games of chance, with which our presence seemed to interfere. They were of all shades of black and in various stages of intoxication from hashish; but the proprietor at any rate fostered sound commercial principles, for on a big board upon the wall there was the warning, "Nullo credito."

After a day and a-half of these lively surroundings, we were rescued by a steamship sent for us by some helpful manager of a mining company that is exploiting the oil-fields along the Red Sea. We coasted along the Gulf of Suez, having our last view of the gaunt mountains that at this distance appear dead and spectre-like, save when they are lit up by the early sun and the setting sun; and then, passing by the sandstone hills nearer the coast in which the mining enterprises of the Egyptian Pharaohs are being renewed. And so to Suez itself. There, too, we were on the line of the Exodus; for on the east bank of the Suez Canal lies the oasis known as the Ayun Moussa, which is traditionally the place of Elim, where, after the crossing of the Red Sea, Moses sweetened the waters. From Suez to Kantara we travelled by the commonplace train, passing places which still recall the history of the Egypt of Moses, Shalluf and Serapeum, of which the first is identified by modern scholars with the place of the crossing of the Red Sea, and the second may mark the site of the place of worship to which Pharaoh, hardening his heart, refused to let the Children of Israel go out. But from Kantara to Jerusalem, travelling along the northern coast of Sinai, we finally left the track of the Exodus, and passed by the way of the Philistines, through which Moses did not lead the Children of Israel, although it was near.

The Tribute

By Hannah Berman

At last the little procession started, followed by a small group of feeble old men and women, most of whom were too dispirited to shed a tear, too depressed to understand clearly the meaning of the passing hence of their life-long neighbour. Beyond a perfunctory sigh now and again there was no sound, excepting the incessant rattling of the charity boxes, punctuated by the beadle's formal call upon the people to give and give for the repose of the soul of the deceased.

The miserable little cortège moved slowly down the village street, and had already reached the high road leading to the old cemetery which was in the next village, when a stranger came towards it—a prematurely aged Jew, bowed to the very ground under a pedlar's pack almost as big as himself. At sight of the procession he lowered his pack, mopped his brow and murmured :

"Blessed art Thou . . . a True Judge !"

When the beadle, who had gone a little in advance of the pall-bearers, came up to him, the pedlar asked :

"Who is dead ?"

"Et ! No one !" answered the beadle indifferently.

"No one ?"

"Only old Zelda of the poorhouse. What's to be said ? She has been dying for years. Her ailments were beyond counting. She only moaned and groaned. A public charge. Even the people at the poorhouse were grown weary of her," said the beadle coldly. For death was a commonplace to him, and the death of a poorhouse inmate meant less than nothing.

"Zelda ? Do you mean that Zelda whose husband left her years and years ago, and who had neither kith nor kin in the world ?"

"Born poor, and poor throughout her life. Poorer than the poor at the end. What's to be said ?"

THE TRIBUTE

"Ah, but I have a pleasant memory of her," said the pedlar. "She was a kind soul."

"Kind? She never had a *groschen* to save her life!"

And the beadle shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

The pedlar resumed his pack, and fell into step with the beadle.

"I don't care if I do waste half a day," he ejaculated defiantly, as if to challenge the beadle's contempt. "I meant to try and do a little business in your village this day, and it's no joke to walk to the cemetery and back with my heavy load. But it's no matter. I want to pay my tribute to the poor old soul. I will say the prayer for her beside the grave, and I will recite the mourners' prayer after her for a year. There's no one else to say it. I owe her a debt of gratitude. Let my prayers be my tribute."

"Why, Velvel, what for?" asked the beadle, aroused out of his habitual cynical indifference. "It's not necessary. She lived lonely and died lonely. Let her go hence lonely and uncared for. What business is it of yours?"

"I tell you, Yankel, I must, and I will," protested the pedlar. "She once did me such a good turn that I shall never forget her. I feel that I must pay her this last tribute, for I never even got an opportunity to thank her in all those years."

The beadle turned a cold glance at Velvel, and waited for him to speak again.

"No, Yankel, she never gave me anything, although I was ragged and hungry enough. That summer I worked in the fields, weeding the opposite side of the same onion bed that she was weeding. I was about eight years of age. The days were blistering hot. My back was aching, my fingers were numb. Zelda never once lifted her eyes. Silent as a bowed shadow, she moved on and on. I followed her step by step, our heads almost touching.

"No one ever saw her eating. Certainly she never stopped for meals like the others. I waited in vain for her to untie her little bundle and offer me a scrap of food. I had nothing to eat during the whole season that I worked with Zelda—peace be unto her!—from the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

time I left the poorhouse in the morning until I returned to it at night. Nor did she give me a word, nor so much as a glance. I did not exist for her. I said to myself: 'She is cold and hard and cruel, as everybody says she is. She does not even show any pity for a poor, wretched, starving little orphan who works like a horse.' And my childish heart beat hot with indignation against her. The days went by—long, slow, bitter days. If she had said only one word to me I should not have hated her so intensely. And still more I hated her for her unceasing toil. She was like a machine. Never even straightened herself out to stretch her limbs—nothing. Somehow, this indifference to the physical strain added fuel to the fire of hate which was burning in my heart. I was glad that no one spoke to her.

"I stood up to wipe my face and neck of the dirt and sweat, and to stretch my limbs for the fortieth time that afternoon. And, as I lifted up my eyes, I saw, almost at my shoulder, the most beautiful butterfly I had ever seen. In the bright sunlight its wings flashed all the colours of the rainbow. I cried aloud at its beauty. And on that instant I forgot that I was a mere desolate, hungry little dog who had no right to allow himself to be beguiled by God's wonders. I was a boy like all other boys. I jumped up, and with a wild whoop I was after that butterfly.

"I awoke to reality when I found myself in the hands of the overseer. He had me by the ear, and was twisting it, and calling me a lazy lout, a good-for-nothing, a worthless scamp.

"I don't know where she sprang from, or how she managed to get to my side so quickly, for she was already an old woman then, but there stood Zelda, towering over the short, squat overseer, frowning down upon him and upon me as if the sun had got into her eyes. I was so astonished to see her that I stopped howling at once. Indeed, I was as much frightened of her as of the overseer, although I could not, for the life of me, have told why.

" 'What do you want of the lad?' she asked in a gruff voice.

"I was startled at the sound of her voice, for I had

THE TRIBUTE

never heard it before, and had a sort of childish notion that she was deaf and dumb.

" 'Get back to your work, Zelda,' shouted the overseer.

" 'And him?' she asked, pointing at me.

" 'He clears out this minute. I'm finished with him.'

" 'Why?'

" 'Catching butterflies isn't good enough for me. He may go to the devil. He is no good. Keeps stretching himself all day. He is a lazybones. Let him get back to the poorhouse.'

" I was terrified out of my wits, for however hard the work in the fields, it was a thousand times better than tending the stove and emptying the slop-pails and scraping the sanded floor, and looking after the sick and the infirm at the poorhouse. The fields were to me, at that time, a sort of Garden of Eden. You understand? Although I have gone through a great deal in my life, I think the worst nightmare I have ever suffered was to hear the overseer threaten to send me back to the poorhouse on that lovely summer's day. My heart almost died within me in sheer terror. But, young and inexperienced as I was then, I could see that the overseer paid heed to Zelda, had much more regard for her than for anyone else under him. To my surprise he did not answer her with his usual oaths and curses, nor did he seem to notice that she was wasting her time and his own. His anger was directed only against me.

" 'Back he goes at once,' he shouted. 'I can't waste a whole ten *kopeks* a week on a lazybones like him. No more poorhouse brats for me. I want workers for the money I pay away.'

" 'He is only a little lad, and does not understand,' pleaded Zelda.

" 'Back he goes,' repeated the overseer.

" 'Am I a good worker, *Panni Ivan*?' she asked quietly, and with a self-assurance that astonished even me, young though I was. She did not seem to be in the least frightened of the possible consequences of quarrelling openly with the high and mighty overseer.

" 'I will say this—you are the best of the lot,' answered the overseer rather reluctantly.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

" 'Do I stop for meals?' she asked again.

" 'Never! You seem to live only on the smell of the onions,' he laughed sarcastically.

" 'Let the mealtimes I never take be accounted unto the lad for the odd minutes he wastes now and again,' she said, without even turning her face in my direction.

" 'What the devil do you mean?' he demanded angrily.

" 'He went chasing a butterfly. Yes? It's a little lad's pleasure. Let it not be the cause of sending him back to the gloom of the poorhouse on these lovely days,' was her calm reply.

" 'Oh, get away with your nonsense,' was the quick retort.

" 'If he goes, then I go too,' she said, still more calmly than before. 'To me, also, the doors of the poorhouse are open.'

" The overseer sulked for a minute or two. Evidently, he knew that Zelda meant what she said. And she was his best worker.

" He let go of my ear, and Zelda and I walked back to the onions from which I had escaped for a few golden minutes.

" We resumed our work as if nothing had happened. But I never again heard her open her lips. Nor did she ever again take the least notice of me from that day until I left the village to go on the road. In the meantime she fell ill, betook herself to her bed in the poorhouse, and I did not see her any more.

" Well, doesn't she deserve the only tribute I can pay her?" asked the pedlar after a long silence.

The beadle merely shrugged his shoulders.

The little procession went its slow, mournful way.

The Shadow in the Shine

By Kenneth Ashley

As I came over Cocking Hill
I saw a frail old tree
That held its palsied arms aloft
Tense with fear's agony.

'Twas almost noon, the sun was high,
The air was soft and still;
Yet stark against the bright blue sky
The tree froze on the hill.

And in its fear I saw again
That terror of surprise
Which I had seen disturb the flame
In poor Tom Half Wit's eyes——

A fear as if to them was shown
Some horror in the air,
From which they both shrank, terror struck,
Whilst I went unaware.

I paused and looked adown the vale,
Where I had lived for years;
A smiling vale, a kindly vale,
And yet—a Vale of Tears.

Dead voices whispered as I stood,
The wind was framed of sighs,
And ghosts by gates in Lover's Lane
Watched me with envious eyes.

And as I hurried on my way
My eyes half seemed to see
That sunshine Shadow quite revealed
To idiot and tree——

A lurking Shadow in the shine,
A Void beyond the blue,
As if behind the smiling Face
A grinning Skull showed through.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

THE NEW FLEET STREET.

"DID you read that article in the *Evening Wire* by Gouging George?" asked Heddle.

"I did that," replied Sergeant Murphy. "I read it on me way home. And all I can say is, if George can box as well as he can write, I'll not go out of me way to conthradict him on any subject from politics to poulthry farmin'. It was as fine an article as ever I read. And whin I remember that up to three years ago Martin didn't know the alphabet from the signs of the Zodiac, and that he's been up to his eyes in fights ever since, it's all the more credit to him to be able to write like a thrained journalist."

"There's a lot of sporting people write well," remarked Heddle.

"You've said it, Heddle," replied the Sergeant. "Not only a lot—but all of thim, in fact. It doesn't matter if a man has been breaking records swingin' Injun clubs, swallowin' hard-boiled eggs, walkin' a hundhred miles or starvin' for forty days and forty nights in the desert of a glass case, you've only to shove a fountain pen in his hand and he'll do you a pome or an essay as well as any pressman that ever stood. It's a gift that goes with athletics—and nearly everything else.

"Holdin' as I do an important position in Fleet Sthreet—kerb editor of the *Daily Wire*—I note, Heddle, the imminse improvement in the Press of recent years.

"There was a time whin a reporter was sint off to get the story, whether of a football match, a funeral, or a famine in lard. Today the reporter is a sort of go-between—an agent who can book up star turns for the paper he works for. Sometimes I'm told he throws in a hint or two on the subject of punctuation, the people that are not professionals havin' a bold, free idea in regard to commas and things. But he leaves the writin' to the gifted amachoors who can take the job in their sthride.

"That's why you get Mamsell This tellin' you how she swam the Channel on an empty stomach, employin' a sthrong back sthroke, or Holly T. Schwertz from

"SAYS SERGEANT MURPHY"

U.S.A. explainin' how be means of Prohibition and a free Constitution the U.S.A. can afford to place a dhrivin' niblick, or whatever you call it, in the hands of ivery wan-hundhred-per-cent. American male in his first year.

"But it isn't only in sport. Not likely. The boarding house landlady's daughter, who's puttin' the banns up in the Sthrand Registhry Office with young Lord Lino, finds the doorway choked with pressmen holdin' out cheques to her for a thrillin' soul-piercin' article on "Love and Hash," or "Can a Thru-heartd Girlie Love a Throusers-presser?" The milkman who's been fined forty shillings and costs for lettin' his can stand with the lid off durin' a downpour of rain leaves the Court without a stain on his financial reserve. He knows that he'll make the money five times over be dashin' off a bright little article on "A Dairyman's Dhreams." As for a cinema queen, she doesn't know what she's worth in pounds, shillin's and pince to Fleet Sthreet. She can choose her own subject—"How I Overcame My Shyness," or "The Problem of Inthernational Cruiser Rivalry," and wance her signature is put to same, a thousand hoardin's warn the great readin' public of what's in store for them.

"But the biggest step forward in journalism was taken whin blue blood came sthreamin' into Fleet Street, whin viscounts and earls began to park their Rolls-Royces outside the "Cheshire Cheese," and to turn up their sleeves for a day's hard graft in a reporter's room.

"Today, as we all know, journalism is bulgin' with titles. The secrets of Mayfair are laid bare. There's not a revoke at bridge in Berkeley Square, not a mathrimonial tiff in Park Lane, not a moneylendin' thransaction among the signs of the nobility but is printed in Fleet Sthreet as soon as it happens—sometimes sooner. Why, they tell me that, whin they can't get a quorum in the House of Lords, the Chancellor rings up Lord Otthers-thream and asks him to release a few dozen reporters temporarily."

"But what are the real reporters doin'?" asked Heddle.

"Oh, just correctin' the other fellows' grammar," said Sergeant Murphy.

Total Eclipse

By Horace Shipp

The Spot on the Sun. By John Hastings Turner. (Ambassadors.)

IF future historians of our period had to depend upon the record of contemporary life as the dramatists depict it in the West End theatre, their conclusions would be indeed strange. It would appear that most people live on the Côte d'Azur, and occupy themselves making the blue one red; that they exist almost entirely upon the liquid nourishment of cocktails; dress entirely in evening gowns ("entirely" in its temporal significance and without prejudice in the matter of mere covering); gamble every evening with hundreds of thousands of francs; make violent and always illicit love; and chat in strings of epigrams about sex, drink, ruin, and the other quiet pleasures of their lives. If the story be true, it would seem that one English dramatist was jeopardizing his own career by an unforgivable unawareness that this was, in fact, the way that all the people who matter spend their lives. The poor fellow may have been in danger of writing plays about that insignificant section of the population, from statesmen down to dustmen, who are getting on with the work of the world, but a good angel in the form of a theatre manager who needed a real play took him down by *le Train Bleu* and showed him Monte Carlo, all casino and cocktails, and immediately he saw where the vital drama of the world was and wrote a masterpiece. Evidently there was still so much of the pilgrim father from our grey northern world in him that he carried a critical sense of values into this paradise and called it *The Spot on the Sun*. With a faith little short of sublime he assures us that the impact of one fresh young mind, strong in the purity and athletic standards of Cheltenham College, would uncover the hidden good, staunch the flow of cocktails, make honest women of *demi-mondaines*, gentlemen even of Levantine Jews, gallants of *gigolos*, and good of everything.

All this is not to say that Mr. Hastings Turner has not written an amusing and witty play. He has. It is

TOTAL ECLIPSE

not to say that *The Spot on the Sun* is not good entertainment, well presented and very well acted. It is. Moreover, it is refreshingly on the side of the angels. But that it "matters" in any sense of the term other than that of a passing show is an illusion bred of the poverty of our standards. Since, however, the piece has been acclaimed as at least first cousin to genius, the author will forgive us if we examine with more care than we otherwise should even the workmanship of it. I have hinted my doubts as to the characterization. The people reiterate throughout "This place has 'got' me," like drug addicts blaming the cocaine box, and I submit that it is extremely doubtful that Mrs. Patrick should wipe up the viciousness of twenty years after twenty hours of her daughter's company. Miss Marie Tempest almost made me believe it, but I wouldn't in cold print. The Jew was believable because he was a gentleman, although everybody on the stage and apparently the author were assured to the contrary. Loudon, the man who also put away the evil of his doings, and found strength of purpose and, it would seem, a presentable fortune upon which to marry and pay vast gaming debts, was to me psychologically and economically unconvincing. The breezy daughter would have been more acceptable if her capacity for falling in love had been less precipitous and, as a detail, if her evening clothes had been less expensive looking. The characters with whom the author did not interfere were good satire. Lady Tree's study of the wicked old Baroness Ridler who would treat hell as a dancing floor for the Black Bottom; Michael, the *gigolo*; Holmes, the Calvinistic housekeeper serving cock-tails and scriptural warnings to all and sundry; these people were self-poised types. Michael (played by Mr. George Howe) was excellent at the moment when he allowed his innate rottenness to overcome the attraction of the Cheltenham College girl and after a fractional pause accepted the note proffered by Mrs. Patrick, for "amusing" her daughter by an afternoon's lovemaking. That moment of excellence and dramatic reality knocked the bottom out of the play. After that, the sentimental reformations were mere theatre stuff.

The construction, to my mind, was no more faultless

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

than the characterization. The arrival of the daughter, upon which the whole piece depended, was clumsily managed, her love affair was clumsily managed, her destiny was left as a bad loose end; the arbitrary operation of codes of honour which motivated so much of the action was unbelievable outside the rare atmosphere of the casino; the unexplained financial potency of the husband-and step-father-to-be was not good; the final curtain was irrelevant and out of the design of the piece.

So we are driven back upon the wit and the acting, and here it must be said *The Spot on the Sun* justifies enthusiasm. Miss Marie Tempest is so accomplished in her own way that she manages to make such intolerable, muddle-headed, middle-aged but flapper-brained females as Mrs. Patrick endurable and charming. Insouciance in excelsis, she makes the wit sound her own; and although one does not in aftermath believe that Mrs. Patrick would have brightly parodied a line of Shakespeare in the crux of an emotional situation, Miss Tempest convinces us at the time. Miss Fabia Drake's schoolgirl heroine was a well thought out study, and it was not her fault if we found it difficult to believe that Mary could put off Cheltenham and put on Monte Carlo in the twinkling of an eye. Mr. Frank Cellier's performance as the Levantine millionaire was excellent, but his part and that of the bad baroness were excellently written, so that the players were not struggling against difficulties.

Fundamentally, however, my objection to the piece is to its existence. I believe that the theatre is too important an institution to be wasted eternally on studies of the lives of these useless people. The life of the Riviera, as Mr. Wells has pointed out in *Clissold*, is a morbid growth in Western civilization, and as a person who gets more fun from a cold bath than from a cocktail, I do not share this servant girls' passion for vicarious damnation. Fine plays can only be written about fine people; and even if they are sinners, one prefers the Borgias to the bores. Meantime Mr. Granville Barker's revised version of *Waste* which, dealing as it does with people with some purpose in their lives, might restore our belief in the dignity of human nature, finds no stage presentation.

Books

BOOKS ON WALKING

RAMBLES IN THE HOME COUNTIES. By W. A. HIRST. Cobden Sanderson.
5s.

COUNTRY WALKS IN MIDDLESEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Nos. 59, 60, 61, 62. Metropolitan and L. & N.E. Railways.
Each 2d.

IN this age of motors the wise man will still walk and enjoy the country at leisure. But he can hardly tackle the open road "afoot and lighthearted" without keeping an alert eye on the passing traffic. Fortunately byways, as well as highways, are still fairly open in the country near London, and a combination of the two, with a preference for woods and heights, which the walker has to himself, is agreeable and easy recreation to those who know their way about. A buttercup meadow or a little river, rich with yellow flags, marsh marigold, or the American *minulus* which has long since conquered England, is enough for many city-pent walkers, but literary and historic associations are not to be despised, or the charm of some old church. Such things lend an interest which the ordinary Englishman needs before he will take to his legs for any distance. Few, I fear, of the literary lights, after whom, in the modern fashion, Mr. Hirst calls various regions, knew much about the countryside in detail. Bulwer Lytton, for instance, whom he pictures taking a favourite walk in his grounds, put into his last book a daffodil in haytime. Dickens presented a chorus of birds singing on September 1, but he was a born Cockney. Mr. Hirst has made a capital collection of walks, and gives his information in a good style. It may seem excessive to the educated, but the average modern reader really knows very little of history and literature. Though there is much talk today of defaced Nature, and the modern magnate can produce a house which looks like a prison or a lunatic asylum, the country even near London still keeps, now that the scars of war are healed, an air of agelong peace. It does not seem as if anything short of an earthquake could destroy, for instance, the homely charm of Berkshire and the grassgrown route of the Ridge Way.

Buckinghamshire is particularly generous in the matter of access to its woods and meadows. Mr. Hirst visits Chalfont St. Giles and the "Milton Country" which the Metropolitan Railway has long since opened up to London walkers; but no one would use some of the roads he writes of who knew the woodland ways, and Stevenson, when he went in a dogcart from

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Wendover to Tring, and missed the high woods, was foolish, or, more probably, worn out, as he praises the *grata protervitas* of winding footpaths. Chenies is an attractive village with a church which includes a Russell chapel for the great family; but when they are buried, the custodian told me, they have "part of the service in the church, just like common people." Mr. Hirst does not always make the best of this district, but the intelligent walker has plenty of help ready for him hereabouts. For a few pence he can get booklets with the most varied of routes, all clearly described and kept up to date by careful revision. The latest editions wisely include hints as to places of refreshment, and the railways concerned encourage "pedestrian tours" with cheap fares. On one walk I heard a rustic call a dog-rose a "canker," as Shakespeare did, and on another saw a group of gaily dressed children dancing to a fiddle who would have enraptured Stevenson. The common or urban man does not know what he misses by the side of the Chess or in the ancient park of Shardeloes. Some of these trips from Baker Street would have improved the temper of Sherlock Holmes. Beginning near London with these safe guides, the walker, having acquired courage and one of Bartholomew's maps—not on paper which is easily massacred—can go farther afield with Mr. Hirst. His book will go into a male pocket; it is lively in its estimate of famous characters; and deplures, with all good men, the decay of agriculture.

V. R.

JUST BEYOND LONDON. By GORDON S. MAXWELL. Illustrated by DONALD MAXWELL. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

THE suburbs of London are not all dreary bricks and dull roads; here and there a fine old house, a water meadow, or a moated grange afford an oasis far removed from modernity. Mr. Maxwell has made a pleasant, chatty book of discoveries of this sort, and is lucky as an explorer in his encounters with interesting people. Occasionally he might have pruned his text of some trivialities, but he shows true enterprise, which indicates occasional trespassing. He has a keen eye for architecture, and has made good selections from local historians and other authorities, whose prose is sometimes dull. They, however, would never have passed such a phrase as "this phenomena." The quaintest of the odd things research has revealed is a rural hermit living in a rude hut, four and a-half miles from a big London terminus. Epping Forest hardly now deserves the earlier encomiums lavished on it, for, though attractive in its way, it has a poor flora. Mr. Donald Maxwell's sketches show up well some of the choice bits which the author has found for us.

BOOKS

PERSONAL RECORDS

THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE: A REVIEW OF SOME MEN AND EVENTS OF MY TIME. By SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND. Constable. 15s.

THIS is an unusual book, worth much more than the average compilation of reminiscences by the eminent or prominent. The author adds to his modest account of his work in India and his experiences as a correspondent during the period of the Jameson Raid a third part on "The Flowering of England." Here he is no longer the man of action, but the honoured man of experience, the earnest seeker after the truths which underlie life for the exploring mind. He tells us of his friendship with a leading Cambridge philosopher and of meetings of the Aristotelian Society in which experts discussed frankly the deepest problems. He found that they led "rather individualistic lives" and had to be warmed up to patriotic enthusiasm. They were wanting, in fact, in *esprit de corps*; they had not, like Sir Francis, managed big jobs and tested themselves and their fellows in days of doubt and difficulty. In his analysis of greatness, hardihood is one essential and, combined with that tenderness which Englishmen are generally ashamed to show, produces the real flower of our humanity. Sir Francis has been rather disappointed in the reception of his reflective books, but he can see deep into human character, as is shown by his discerning views of the great men he has met.

THE DIARY OF LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH. Edited by JOHN BAILEY. Murray. 2 vols. 36s.

FOR once in a way a hackneyed phrase is really apt; the diary of his sister-in-law, admirably edited by Mr. Bailey, is veritably a "human document." We have never, in fact, met with so spontaneous an expression of a personality in this medium.

What is printed in these two volumes is a very full selection from diaries kept from the writer's thirteenth year till she became a widow by the assassination of her husband in 1882. There are also an intimate account of Lady Frederick in her widowhood by her niece, Lady Stephenson, a note on her early life by a sister, and an additional version of the reception of the news of the Phoenix Park murder from the pen of another sister. Mr. Bailey contributes, besides an excellent general preface, special introductions to the various books into which the diary is divided. Perhaps the most interesting of the illustrations present the Lyttelton family and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone with the diarist at Holker.

By birth Lady Frederick was one of the numerous children of the fourth Lord Lyttelton, whose first wife was a sister of Mrs. Gladstone. The editor notes the contrast, amply illustrated

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

in the diary, between the voluble Lytteltons, most of them so ecclesiastically-minded, and the Cavendishes, "who seldom talked at all, and never on church topics." Despite the contrast, the union of the two in the person of Lady Lyttelton and Lord Frederick was a great success, nor did the bride find any difficulty in shedding her natal Toryism. Lord Frederick was less of a Whig than his elder brother, and is seen playing the part of a useful mediator between him and Gladstone during early differences over the Eastern question. Some characteristic letters of the then Lord Hartington to his sister-in-law appear in the introduction. The Laodicean churchmanship of her new relations tried Lady Frederick (of whom a friend said that "church was her public-house" which there was no keeping her out of), and put her on her mettle, as did Gladstone's comparative indifference to her zeal for education.

Her admiration for "Uncle William" was tempered with judgment, and while she denied that he suffered from the "egoism of genius," she admitted in him "a certain want of sense of proportion." But she was disgusted with Froude, when he maintained that Gladstone was "essentially ordinary" in everything except oratory, citing his Budgets to the unconvinced historian. She expresses her dislike of Matthew Arnold, Lecky, and Sir William Harcourt in piquant terms, and sets down a very uncomplimentary personal description of Tennyson.

CRIME AND SECRET SERVICE

REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-DETECTIVE. By FRANCIS CARLIN. Hutchinson.
189.

As one of the "Big Four" of Scotland Yard, Mr. Carlin, now retired, has had a long experience of crime and its detection. He includes in his book all sorts of cases, from the tricks of the "confidence" man and the theft of Doris Keane's necklace to murders recent enough to be still generally known in detail. But here the details are taken for granted, and stress is laid on the character of the criminals. What led them to their crimes? That is the interesting point which Mr. Carlin partly develops for us. "*Cherchez la femme*" is generally a good answer. All the murderers discussed were sexually entangled. The case of Ronald True raises very serious questions about the defence of madness, but here, as elsewhere, one ought in fairness to know about the previous life and environment that led to the desperate deed. Fortunately for society, first-class brains are seldom employed in crime, but the acuteness of Scotland Yard working on slender hints is notable. Incidentally, Mr. Carlin declares that a large majority of criminals are of the fair type, thus destroying

BOOKS

the popular idea of a dark and sinister figure. There is no particular criminal face; indeed, it seems clear on reflection that malefactors must be superficially attractive to bring off the things that they do. He tells us that the eyes are the unchanging feature in a man, and that detectives do not usually disguise themselves.

WHO GOES THERE ? BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE SECRET SERVICE ADVENTURES OF "EX-INTELLIGENCE" DURING THE GREAT WAR OF 1914-1918. By HENRY DE HALSALLE. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

HERE is a book of real thrills surpassing fiction. Names of persons and places are changed, but the author was, apparently, an Englishman engaged on spying work, mostly in Germany. His seven chapters show how often he risked his life and used his nerve to turn a desperate position to his own advantage. We were, by all accounts, much better at secret service than the Germans, and among the feats of the author was posing as a German officer. He seems to have been chosen for the most difficult work and to have taken his trials, which included wearing an iron boot as if he was a cripple, as a matter of course. He knew many languages and recognized colleagues from the other side of the world, and his memory enabled him to "repeat word for word a newspaper column after one careful reading." He does not need to write up his excellent matter, but his language is unrestrained and flowery. He talks of "crimson, carmine Revolution with its wholesale murder and rapine," and "deliberate dressed-up tripe." But he makes a real point when he notes that "in Germany, rightly or wrongly, munition wages weren't shot sky-high in panicky distrust of the 'working-class.'" The hopeless extravagance of the war was a disgrace to those responsible for it in this country.

HISTORY AND MEMOIR

THIS GENERATION. By THOMAS COX MEECH. Chatto and Windus. Vol. I. 1900-1914. 12s. 6d.

To write the history of one's own generation is a formidable task, if the proper perspective is to be maintained. Mr. Meech has produced a decidedly useful chronological record, even if to term it (as is done in the sub-title) a "history" may be slightly presumptuous.

He says that the aim of his work is "the presentation of a faithful picture of Great Britain and Ireland during the first quarter of the twentieth century" suitable for every class of reader. What he means by the further statement that "the greater proportion of the incidents are described from personal

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

knowledge," we are not quite sure, unless he saw and heard the scenes and speeches in the House of Commons which make up so large a portion of his narrative. They are certainly graphically presented, from the carrying out by the police of the Irish members in 1901 to the disorderly scenes over the third reading of the Home Rule Bill in 1914, which compelled the Speaker to suspend the sittings of the House. The shouting down of Mr. Lyttelton by the Liberals in 1905 was equalled, if not surpassed, by the howling down of Mr. Asquith by the Conservatives in 1911. Apart from these "scenes," we get vivid accounts of the introduction of the Lloyd George Budget of 1909, and the subsequent struggle between the two Houses, culminating in the last stand of the Diehards in the Lords against the Parliament Bill two years later.

Probably of more solid value is the record of social changes, such as the beginning of "week-ends," the starting of the Boy Scouts, the progress of aviation and the cinematograph, and the coming of the motor-car and the taxi. The period covered by the volume also includes the Women's Suffrage agitation and the rise of the Labour Party to political importance. It is useful to have set down in black and white the exact purport of the Taff Vale and Osborne judgments, and not less so accounts of the inception of the Borstal system for dealing with juvenile criminals. Foreign affairs are more cursorily treated, and literature and art scarcely obtain so much prominence as science and sport, though the censorship problem in relation to the stage receives due attention. Arctic and Antarctic exploration, apropos of the expeditions of Shackleton and Scott, are emphasized, and educational progress is not neglected. Tariff Reform naturally bulks largely in the story, and Home Rule trails its weary length through it. The author rightly notes that payment of members was a revival rather than a novelty (though on a different basis), but his statement that "Broad Church clergy" are the successors of the old Evangelicals is surely not accurate. The concluding volume of the work is to take us to 1926.

DISRAELI. By D. L. MURRAY. Benn. 16s.

SINCE the completion by Mr. Buckle of Monypenny's "official" biography, there has been a renewal of interest in its subject. Of the four books on Lord Beaconsfield, more or less founded upon it, the present study is by no means the least readable, though its outlook is substantially the same as that of E. T. Raymond. Mr. Murray's monograph has not the rather wearying brilliance of Mr. Guedalla's "Palmerston" in the same publisher's series, but it is well written and has among its illustrations

BOOKS

reproductions of four famous *Punch* cartoons. As compared with its immediate predecessors, it is strong on the literary rather than the political side. Its peculiar merit lies in the employment of Disraeli's writings as a mirror of his mind and temperament. Many writers have utilized "Vivian Grey," "Coningsby," and "Sybil" for this purpose, and have commented upon the later "Lothair" and "Endymion," but Mr. Murray is not content with this. Thus he cites from "The Young Duke" a remarkable illustration of its author's peculiar attitude towards England: "Oh, England, oh my country! Although full many an Eastern clime and Southern race have given me something of their burning blood, it flows for thee. I rejoice that my flying fathers threw their ancient seed on the stern shores which they have not dishonoured. I am proud to be thy child." In the early pamphlets, which are held to contain the Disraelian political philosophy in embryo, "the continual slight distortion of focus" which gives an outlandish flavouring to his patriotism is pointed out; and the little-read "Contarini Fleming"—a novel which is said just to miss greatness—is drawn upon to illustrate where Disraeli, with his want of classic discipline or Northern genius and his weakness for the baroque, failed as a literary artist, with all his energy and nerve. This psychological romance, according to its author, was a development of his poetical character, as "Alroy" portrayed his "ideal ambition." The most perfect of Disraeli's novels "in literary form" is, however, declared to be "Venetia," in which the personalities of Byron and Shelley were so strangely and deliberately confused; but we imagine that few people read it today. Mr. Murray's chapter descriptive of the Balkan campaign of 1877, interesting as it is, strikes one as barely relevant to the proper subject of the book.

FAMILIAR AUTHORS

COMPANIONABLE BOOKS. By PROF. GEORGE GORDON. Series I. Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d.

IN the brief times allotted for instructive talks the B.B.C. can hardly expect to educate people, but it can afford stimulus or suggestion in the right direction. This is what Prof. Gordon did last year in his excellent talks on books of classic worth, like the "Diary" of Pepys, or Walton's "Compleat Angler," and the little essays revised and enlarged make a very pleasant introduction to some of the treasures of our language. Less than 100 pages suffice for seven authors, and we wish that the Professor, when he came to print, had added yet more. In the story of Lamb the family tragedy is rightly revealed, but there

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

has been no room for a word on Coleridge. It is recent research which has emphasized the solid part Pepys played in improving the Navy all round. "Tennyson" (p.86) might take the place of "Lord Tennyson," a title now held by the poet's son. We are not likely to disparage the wisdom of Johnson, but, as a matter of fact, he is not so much quoted as Dickens, who may in a future talk be recognized as a great humorist and the most English of writers. Prof. Gordon deserves his success with his vast audience, for his style is always easy and his choice of anecdote engaging.

EVERYMAN LIBRARY. Vols. 781-800. Dent. 2s. each.

IN spite of the many books it already includes, "Everyman" still finds good things old and new to be added to the lengthy list. Forster's "Life of Dickens" is introduced by Mr. Chesterton, who admits that the biographer was not a Boswell, and observed a "Victorian restraint," a good thing in its way. There are, however, gaps in the life of Dickens which have to be filled up from elsewhere, and Mr. Chesterton might have given a hint of them instead of arguing at some length on Forster's evidence concerning the secret of "Edwin Drood." "Roderick Random" is judiciously introduced by Mr. H. W. Hodges, who supplies a life of the author and praises his pictures of the British tar, while he does not shun criticism of his cold indecency. The "Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Mr. H. B. Binns, is the first serious attempt by an Englishman to appreciate a curiously complicated character. He shows well the mixture of the sublime and the homely in Lincoln, and lays due stress on his difficulties, among which were the shortsighted views of his supporters, the strong English feeling in the war for the South, and the genius of Lee. In "Under Fire" M. Barbusse has produced one of the most vivid pictures of our own great war. Vasari's "Lives," in four volumes, are classic in their way, and the same may be said of Trench's "On the Study of Words and English Past and Present," though later philologists have modified some of his conclusions. Mr. Sampson in his lively introduction points out that politicians are great corrupters of words, and that in current speech and writing the use of new words is not so bad as the abuse of old ones. The scholar can find matter to browse on in Milton's "Areopagitica and other Prose Works," and Holinshed's Chronicle as used in Shakespeare's Plays. The lover of poetry can now get in "Everyman" the poems of men so different as Blake, Kingsley, and Poe, while "The Prelude to Poetry" is full of what poets have said about their art, from Chaucer to the present Laureate. Here is an odd variety of claims and rules. Campion, for instance,

BOOKS

could be certain about many quantities in words, being a Latinist, but to-day such certainties do not exist; words have unusual stresses forced upon them; and the chains, or safeguards, of rhyme and metre are increasingly neglected. We may console ourselves with the reflection that critics are often wanting in discrimination concerning the merits of their contemporaries. Byron, a hundred years since, seeing himself in "the age of the decline of English poetry," found no one to praise except Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell, and gave no word to the genius of Keats.

GENERAL

ON LEAVING SCHOOL AND THE CHOICE OF A CAREER. By SIR CHARLES CHEERS WAKEFIELD. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

SOME modern suggestions for the young rival in their gross materialism the rag-picker Petronius found in the streets of Neronian Rome. This book, while full of the shrewd hints a successful man of business can give, is distinguished by its idealism and care for education in the widest sense. He sees education as a "preparation for the work of the world," which again is regarded as probably the most important duty in life of elders. An excellent chapter is devoted to the cultivation of English. Sir Charles denounces the commercial lingo familiar in business letters, and writes wisely on vocational training. He notices, too, the crude and limited conception of "success" which belongs to the vulgar and is not seldom promoted by the popular Press. He finds the young men of today reluctant to undergo drudgery or take on responsibility. If the lost art of reading aloud in families were resumed, and parents aided educationists by making their children write letters as well as possible from an early age, much of the prevailing sloppiness might disappear. For all successful work imagination is needed, and enthusiasm. The author quotes Emerson effectively, and Stevenson, who said plainly that slackness in the job you have undertaken to do is stealing. The future is in the hands of the youth of today, who can learn much in this book of the advantages and handicaps they possess compared with their elders.

A HISTORY OF LATE-EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRAMA. 1750-1800. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. Cambridge University Press. 16s.

HAD Professor Allardyce Nicoll approached this part of his task of dealing with post-Restoration drama merely as *littérateur*, he must almost inevitably have produced a dull book, for the period which produced Sheridan and Goldsmith gave us surprisingly little else that survived its hour. But happily the shuttle of his

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

finely critical writing moves to and fro between life and literature, between the stage and the street, until we have the robust life of the period patterned before us. It makes the book more than the piece of careful scholarship, the trustworthy work of reference, which it happens to be. These qualities are manifest in the hundred and fifty pages of listed plays and various pieces, as they are inherent in the analysis of types, of tendencies, and of individual works and dramatic workers which constitute the bulk of the volume.

Professor Nicoll knows, too, the importance which the actual theatre necessarily has in the making of dramatic form. His sidelights upon the evolution of the stage, the coming of the box set, Garrick's experiments with lighting from hidden sources, Mrs. Siddons's challenge of the conventional use of contemporary costume for historic parts, and a fascinating section upon audiences, breezily dispel any suspicion of dry-as-dust which might easily have clung to the book.

POETRY

THE CITY. By RUTH MANNING SANDERS. Benn. 6s.

THERE is a tendency for the long poem to come back into fashion and favour. Ruth Manning Sanders's work will almost inevitably add impetus to this movement, for it is eminently successful. If so remarkable a contrast could be imagined as functioning in company, there seems to be in it a co-operation of the narrative Masefield and a queer medieval strain. The story is of the coming of Jesus to build his New Jerusalem in the English countryside to redeem a promise made to a poor old woman as compensation for the hardness of her lot. The effort to enlist human aid and its defeat by modern materialism, the raising of the old giants and saints to do the work, and the entering into the city, enable the authoress to touch many notes. Description, humour, satire, pathos, realism, reverence, are all manifest. There is a tendency for the whole work to lack design, and the true climax of the poem is allowed to drift down to a false one; but, this stricture apart, it is a good piece of writing with a naïve element reminiscent of Early Italian painting to ensure its charm.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

CONTENTS OF THE TWO-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-SIXTH NUMBER

		PAGE
ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI	Correspondence— Anti-Feminism	249
J. O. P. BLAND	Chinese Nationalism— An Open Letter to Dr. T. Tingfang Lew	251
HAROLD BRIGGS, M.P.	House of Lords Reform	252
CAPT. ALFRED DEWAR, R.N.	The Geneva Conference	256
T. KERR RITCHIE	Achilles with the Golden Clogs	264
LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE CROSFIELD	German Ex-Service Men and Peace	274
TRADE UNIONIST	British Communism and its Leaders	279
PATRICK DEVLIN	Pacifist Propaganda	292
	Notes from Paris	299
M. S. MICHELL	On the Oilfields in Rumania	302
TALBOT WEST	"The Lion of the Punjab"	308
D. CROSTHWAITE EYRE	The Attack Upon the New Forest	318
MURIEL KENT	A Romantic Statesman	321
LOUIS GOLDING	The Raven of the Mountains	330
DORIS ARTHUR JONES	London a Hundred Years Ago	337
JOHN GIBBONS	Some Conventions of the Cinema Censorship	343
W. GILHESPY	Whose Footprints ?	349
M. R. BETTS	Poem: The Wind	356
A. P. GARLAND	"Says Sergeant Murphy"	357
HORACE SHIPP	The Home Theatre from Abroad	359
	Book Reviews	362



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